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NOVEMBER 1, 1959



RAWLINGS

COVER

Leopard fur and the warmed excitement
of red—two of the great fashion quickeners
of all time ticked off in colour here with details
on page 116. The make-up for red—
clear, nicely balanced between ivory and rosy—
has a sub-surface here of
Le Démaquillant Crème, by Caron,
a triple-powered French cream
American women have been bringing back
from Paris for years.
Now it can be had in America;
more about this on page 54.

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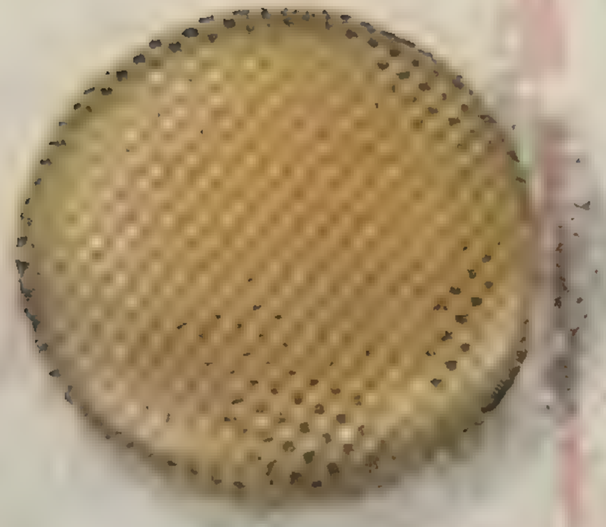
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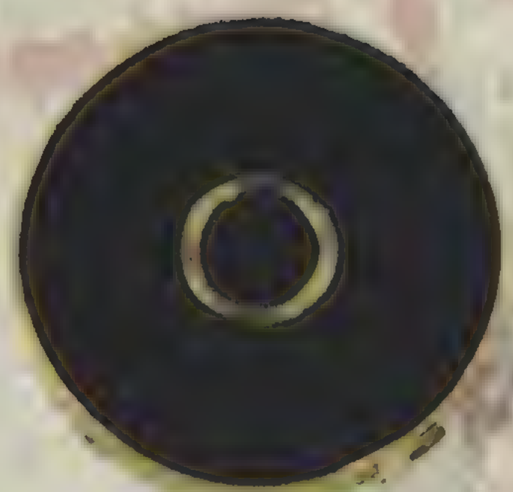
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Photographed at the Four Seasons Restaurant by Virginia Thoren Accessories from Bonwit Teller Jewels—Tiffany

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"All Americans ski," she said.

BY NOEL PERRIN

I have English cousins. They live in Wiltshire, a mother and two adolescent daughters, and it was with them I went to Switzerland a couple of winters back. I didn't especially *want* to go to Switzerland: the question of what I wanted to do somehow never arose.

"Where are you spending Christmas?" Cousin Odette asked me in early November, when I had driven over for the weekend from Cambridge University, where I was then an overseas research student. I explained that I was thinking of going to Marseilles to eat bouillabaisse.

"What? All by yourself?" she said in horror. "No, indeed, we can't have that. People should spend Christmas with their families. Where you ought to be is in New York with your mother, but since you're not you'd better come to Switzerland with us. Get yourself a second-class railway ticket to Klosters. You can rent skis and ski boots after we arrive."

"You do ski, don't you?" she asked as an afterthought.

I had my mouth open to reply that I skied a little as a child. I was going to add that when I reached years of discretion—in my case it happened my senior year at college—I took my skis and presented them to the twelve-year-old son of our family dentist, a man I've never liked. I didn't get the chance. My cousin Jennifer answered for me. "Of course he skis, Mother," she said impatiently. "All Americans do. Peter Linton says the entire Oxford ski team, except one Canadian, is American." She almost melted me with an admiring, quite uncousinly smile.

"Can you ski jump?" asked my cousin Susan, who was sixteen and had butter-coloured hair.

"Not I," I said, speaking before I thought. All three of my cousins stiffened. "I mean, I used to as a boy in school," I hastily corrected myself, "though I've done practically none since. Still, one never quite forgets, does one?" They unstiffened.

It was snowing hard when our train pulled into Klosters some five weeks after the evening I speak of, and it continued to snow for three days. The youths of the village, a uniformly muscular group, were busy all day every day, and at night with torches, keeping open what became progressively narrower ski trails. Well before the third day they had become almost tunnels through the waist-high snow, and far too narrow for the old-fashioned plow turn I learned in Dutchess County, New York. They remained, however, ample for the chic Christies practised by my cousins and most of the two hundred or so other tourists in the village.

"Isn't the snow beautiful!" exclaimed Odette that third morning, lacing up her ski boots. "I do wish it would stop. No, Susan," she added, frowning at her younger daughter, "you must lace them tighter. Ski boots aren't tight enough until they hurt." She gave one of her own laces a tug that nearly broke the rawhide. Then she glanced up again, and I could see her eyes begin to bore into Jennifer's boots. It was obvious whose ankles would be X-rayed after that. Reluctantly I bent over to finish cutting off the circulation in both feet.

We were on our way to join Class Three of the little ski school in Klosters. Class Three is the point at which you cease clomping with painful, slanted steps up nasty little hills behind the hotel, and begin to be towed up much larger and nastier hills on ski lifts. I was by no means ready to leave Class Two, and I knew it. So did the instructor, but like the rest of us he stood profoundly in awe of Odette. Odette felt it was "better" for our little group to advance together.

I knew what Odette felt because the night before I had suggested to her that I do my advancing separately. It was painfully obvious, I said, that she and both girls were better skiers than I. None of them needed any more practice on what the Swiss with their usual wild humour call the nursery slopes. I, to the contrary, needed a great deal.

"Nonsense," said Odette briskly. "A big, strapping fellow like you—why, in a week you'll be skiing better than any of us."

"Oh, no, really, I won't," I replied earnestly, hunching down in a semi-conscious attempt to look smaller.

All three of my cousins, the tallest of whom is Jennifer at about 5'4", cocked their heads to one side and looked up at me, like three robins examining a grackle. "You men," they chorused with what I still believe was sincere admiration. "You're *so* modest, so brave." The next morning, as I've noted, I went into Class Three.

About twenty minutes later I left it again. That is, I fell off the ski lift, taking with me in the upset my companion on the T-bar, a middle-aged Dutch woman of terrifying competence. My skis had crossed and then mounted over her skis, and we landed more or less in each other's arms in the neighbouring deep snow. "You must keep your skis ab-so-lute-ly parallel," she told me as soon as we had gotten up (her English was terrifyingly competent, too), and she proceeded to give me a lesson in how to do it right there by the ski trail, first, with great rapidity, tramping out a little clear space in the four-foot snow.

We were able to rejoin the class in about three-quarters of an hour. Jennifer was very solicitous and thought, or seemed to think, that the Dutch woman had knocked me off; she explained that the Dutch, having no hills of their own, were always hopeless skiers.

This act of cousinly faith didn't keep me from falling off again on the next trip up, but happily I was now riding at the very tail of the class in company with the instructor, and I think only a few people noticed. Furthermore, the instructor actually did succeed in teaching me how to keep my skis parallel, and I made three ascents on the T-bar that afternoon with aplomb and skill. In the evening I took Jennifer dancing at another and grander hotel than our own, and told her tall stories about college life in America.

That was Christmas Eve. The following day, of course, school was cancelled. At breakfast I suggested innocently that we use our freedom to take the train up to Davos and go to service at the English church there. "On the first clear day we've had?" inquired Odette. "I don't know about you, but *I* intend to practise turns. I'm still fearfully rusty." We all practised turns: they Christies, I snow plows.

School resumed promptly on the twenty-sixth, and on that day our little unit advanced to Class Four. To my horror the instructor of Four made no protest whatsoever when Odette informed him that she was promoting me. He didn't even shrug one of those resigned Continental shrugs. Probably *he* had spent the evening with the instructors of Classes Two and Three.

In Four, one is too advanced merely to be dragged up large hills in the embrace of a T-bar lift. Instead one is borne thousands of feet up precipitous mountains, swaying perilously in a kind of aerial chair. Susan, who had the chair in front of me, was ecstatic. "Herr Klumpp says it's a straight three-mile run back down," she shouted to me.

I was a little ecstatic myself when we first started down, though I think for different reasons. Herr Klumpp, incredibly, considering that he was a native Swiss and held an official position at that, had his information wrong. The topmost mile of the run did not go straight down. It was distinctly roller-coastery.

There were two almost level stretches and even a brief uphill bit. It was, in short, my kind of hill. I rather enjoyed skiing it. I manœuvred along, not hurrying, not falling, and very much in control. Ten minutes after I started I came round a bend in good order, doing a steady six miles an hour, and ran past the mistress of a German millionaire who was staying at the other hotel. She was

(Continued on page 49)

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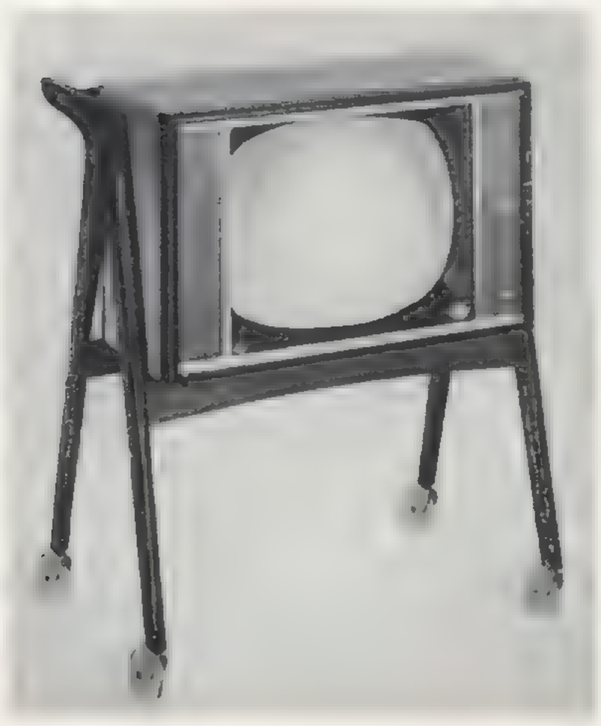
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"ALL AMERICANS SKI," SHE SAID

(Continued from page 38)

sprawled in a snowdrift, squeaking.

Just beyond her the trail widened slightly, and I was able to snow-plow deftly to a stop. I reversed direction in the approved Klosters Class-One manner, inched gracefully back, and helped the girl to her feet. She squeaked her thanks, managing to look even more blue-eyed than usual. I read my superiority to middle-aged Teutonic millionaires in that look, and reacted instinctively.

Instead of resuming motion my normal way, which was to lean a few inches forward and wait, I tipped my hat to the girl, crouched, made a bold gesture with my ski poles, and shot off down the trail. The next three miles were, as Herr Klumpp had said, a straight downhill run.

It was terror, I suppose, that kept me upright. Unable to reduce my speed in any way, I saw no alternative to doing the entire run in one hideous crescendo, much as Odette, Jennifer, and Susan must have done a few minutes earlier. Eventually I passed the speed of sound, or at least I distinctly heard Doppler's effect when I hurtled past a group of loud-voiced children at the very bottom of the mountain. Then I careened sideways into an enormous mound of snow that had been cleared off an open-air skating rink, just this side of Klosters. Snow flew about twenty feet in the air. My skis made a strenuous effort to follow. But, of course, being attached to my feet, they couldn't.

When the débris had settled, I conducted a brief self-examination. I was dismayed, certainly. My head was completely bowed, yes. Bloody it was not. I unbuckled my harness where I lay, and stood up. My legs, to my considerable surprise, supported me. Brushing past the disappointed cluster of children (they seemed to want to haul me into the village on a big sled they had), I made my way to the upper end of the village street, into the hotel, and up to my room. There I ordered tea sent up and lay quietly down to meditate.

After about an hour I got up again and took a long, thoughtful bath. I put my skiing clothes back on and took a horse and sleigh to the railroad station. The ticket clerk spoke neither English nor French, but we managed in broken Italian. I bought a whole series of tickets. Then I went in search of my cousins. They had just come in.

"Where did you go?" asked Jennifer. "We haven't seen you all afternoon. Did you come in early?"

I ignored that. "Odette," I said. "I've been doing a little figuring about dates. I really must get on to France. If I'm going to reach Marseille in time for New Year's, I ought to leave Klosters not later than Tuesday. That only leaves tomorrow, and tomorrow I've promised myself to have a look at Davos."

"You're an idiot to leave now," said Odette, frowning. "We'll be entering Class Five soon. That's where the fun begins. Why can't you spend New Year's here? I thought you were going to."

"I'm afraid I really must get on to Marseilles."

"Well, if you must, you must." She pondered a minute. "At least the girls and I will spend your last day with you. Tomorrow we can have a nice ski in the morning and take the train to Davos right after lunch."

"Oh, I particularly want to see the churches," I said quickly. "I've gotten very interested in undercrofts. There's no need to drag you three into them. I'll go up ahead in the morning and meet you at the station after lunch."

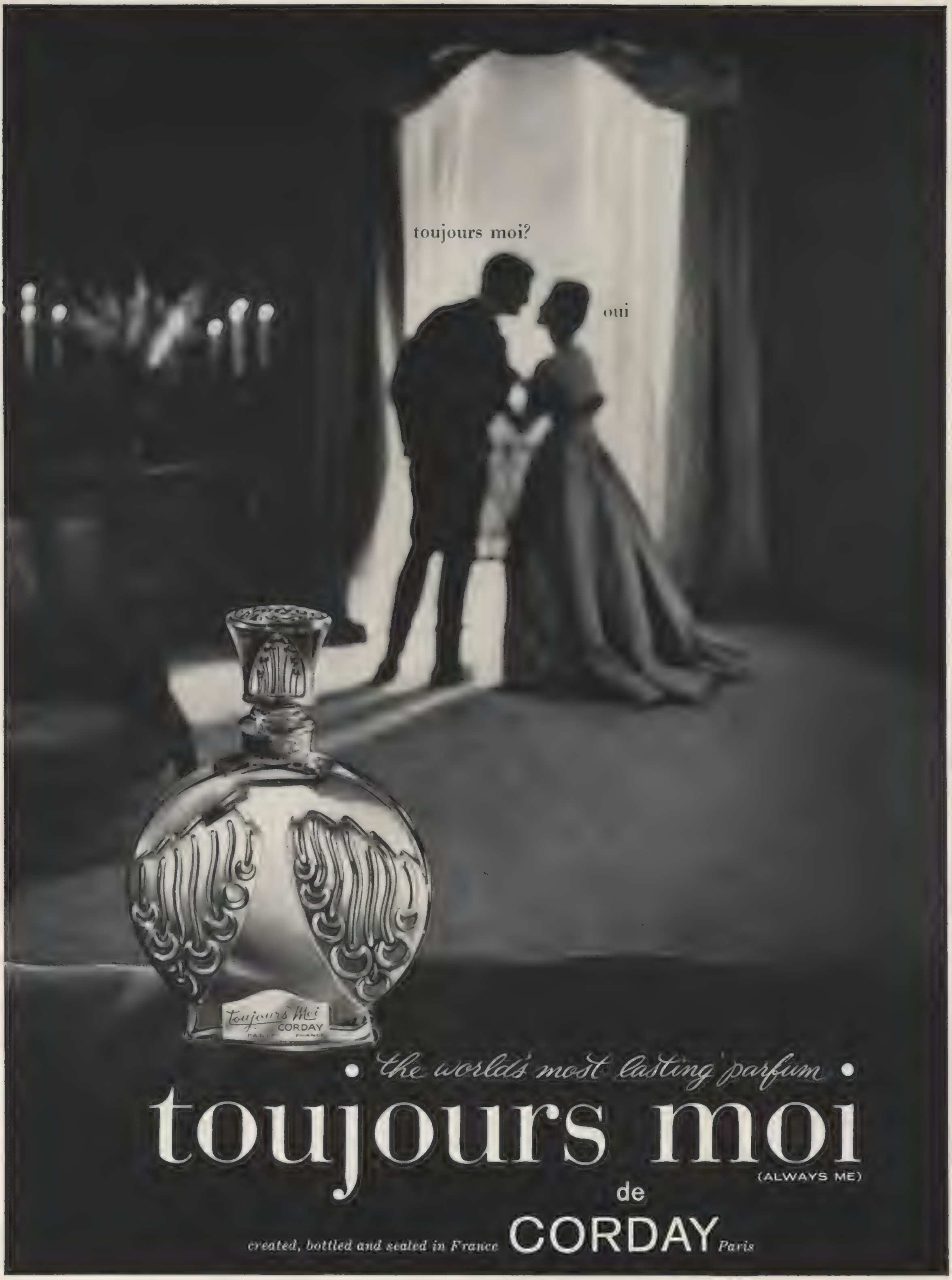
A certain contemptuous comprehension became visible in Odette's eyes, and she let the subject drop. "Come along, girls," she said to her daughters. "Knock the snow off your skis. We've just time to wax them before the hockey match."

She started out, but Jennifer lingered a second. "You must come to the match, too, and explain everything to me," she whispered softly. "I expect you played quite a lot in college."

Early Tuesday morning I boarded the train for Zurich; and by Thursday I was standing on the Marseilles water front watching a fisherman in a leather apron sell live eels, which he chopped into sections, depending on how much live eel the purchaser wanted. Presently I bought an entire eel, which I carried about two hundred feet away and put back into the water. Then I wandered off to see that apartment house of Le Corbusier's. I have never gone back to Switzerland. I find I can't stand Swiss architecture.



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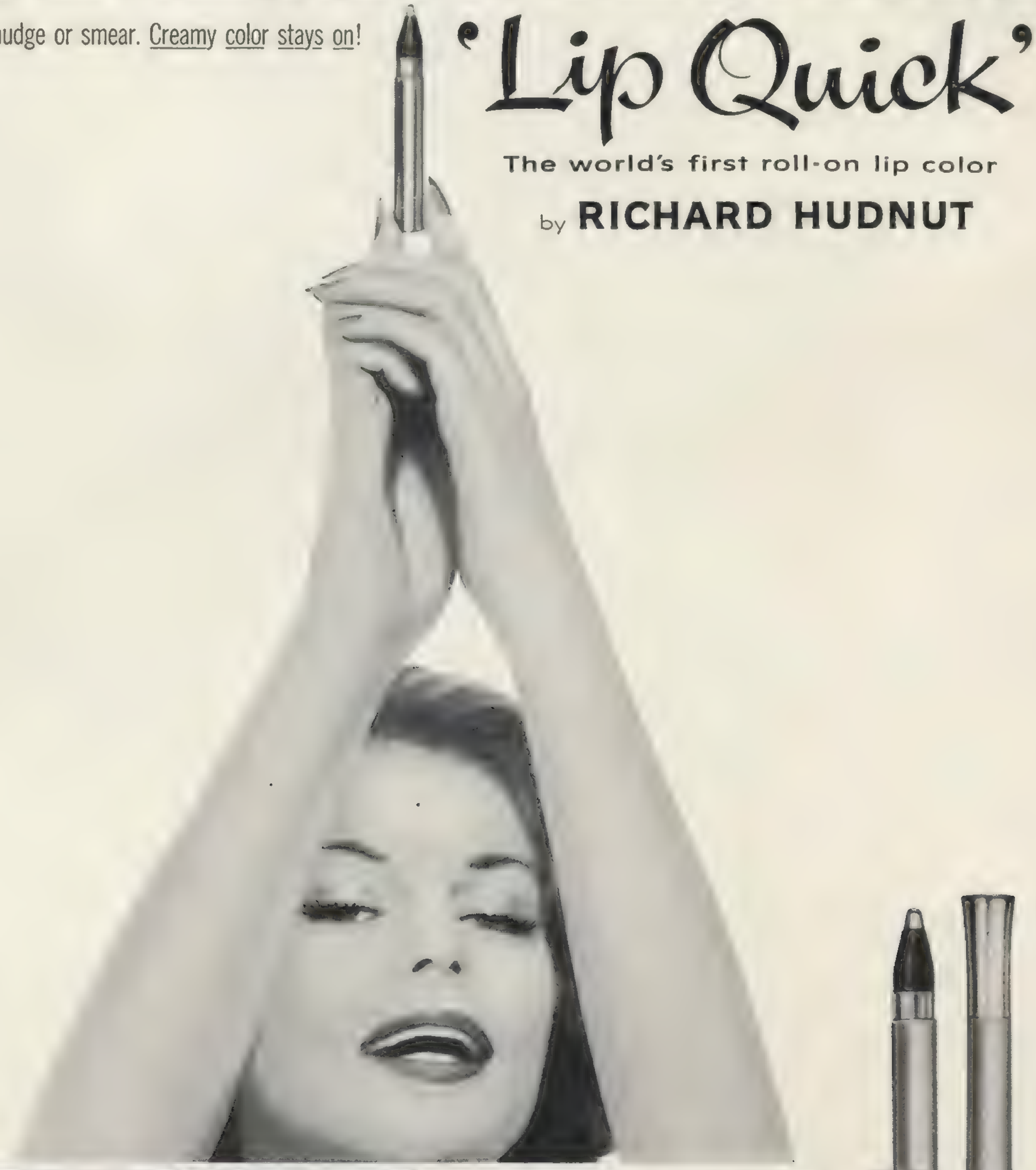
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(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 164-165)



Above, left: Vogue Pattern 9729. "Easy to Make." Blouse in sizes 10 to 18. Size 14: 1½ yds. of 39" fabric, with nap. Price: 60c. *Right:* Vogue Pattern 9857. "Easy to Make." Blouse in sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 takes 1⅛ yds. of a 45" fabric without nap. Price: 60c.



Above, left: Vogue Pattern 9336. Pleated skirt in sizes 24 to 30. For size 26 use 2¼ yds. of 48" fabric, with nap. Price: 60c. *Right:* Vogue Pattern 9837. Flared skirt in sizes 24 to 30. For size 26 use 5⅝ yards of 39" fabric, without nap. Price: 60c.

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Where to write for the Christmas food presents and the letter papers shown on pages 171-174.

Food and letter paper may be ordered by mail, for the price given, plus postage, unless free postage is indicated by "ppd." Given here also to facilitate inquiries: the addresses of the seven shops that provided the other desk scenery.

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CARTIER, *653 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.*
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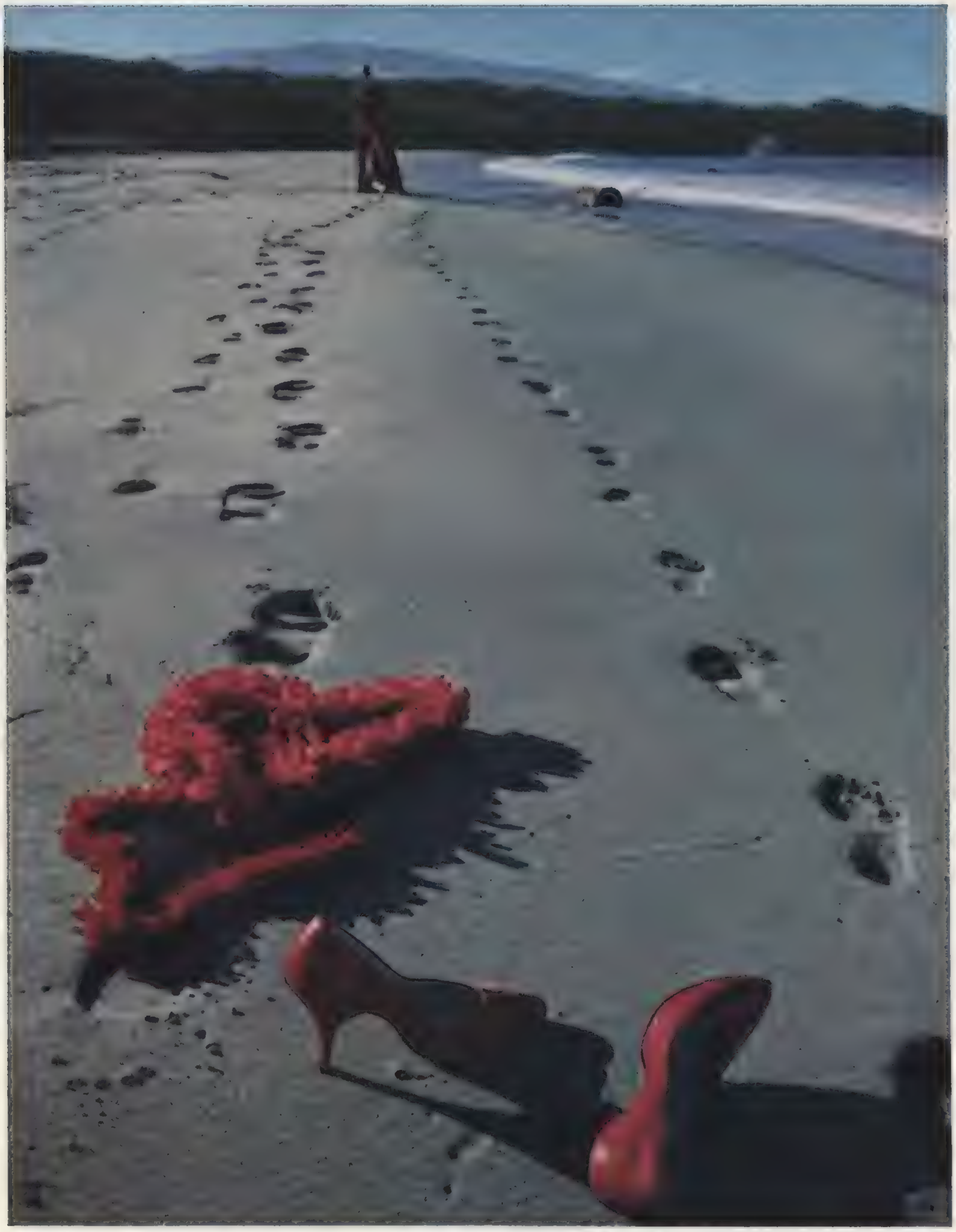
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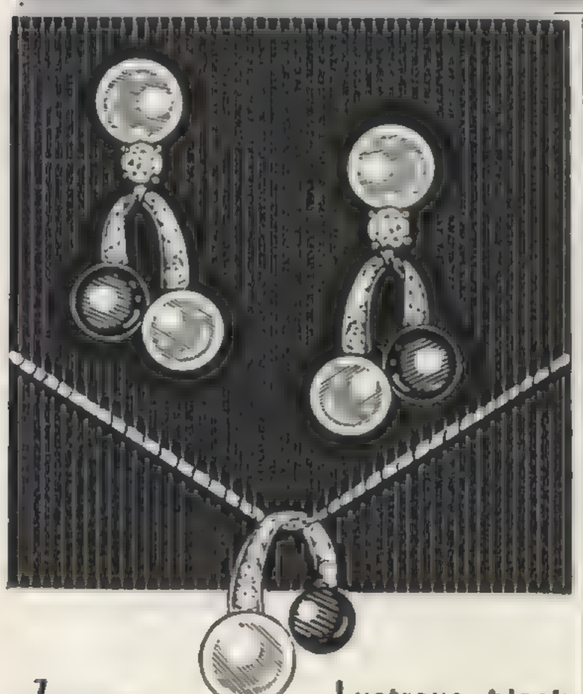
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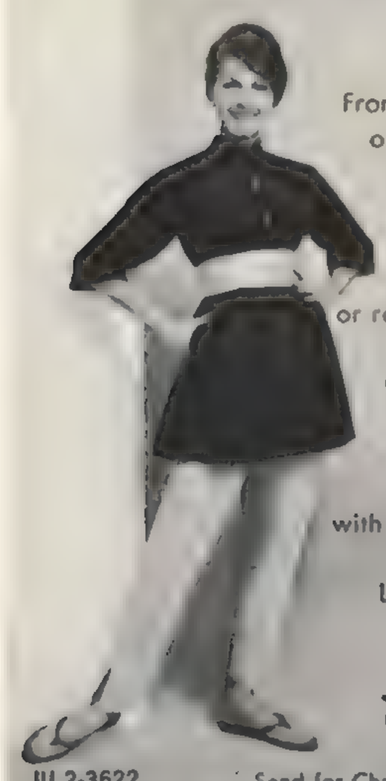
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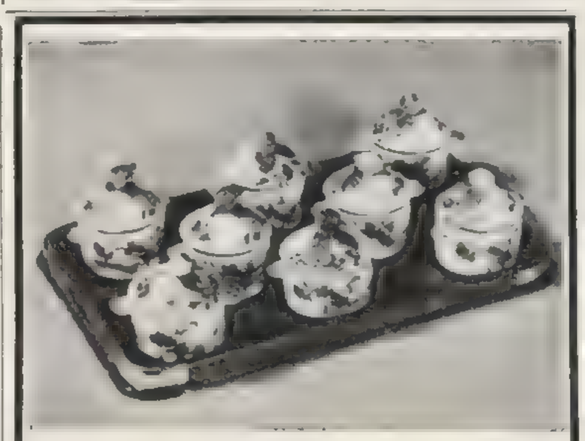
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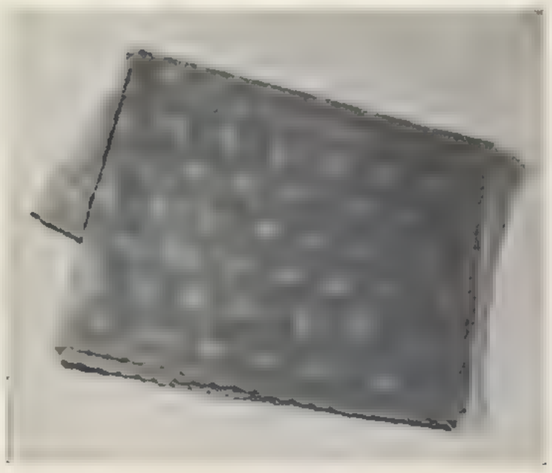
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HOUND

About this time of year Shop Hound tracks Christmas, toting up lists to bring joy to shoppers of the Madame de Sévigné persuasion—by which we mean the letter writers, who organize early, shop in cool comfort from their desks. Thirteen pages of this issue's Shop Hound Special start here. More presents to order by mail—these mainly eatable—are described on pages 170-174.



New way to cast a die,
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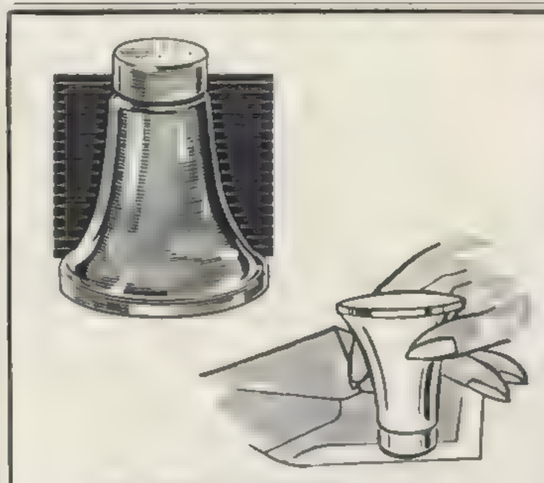


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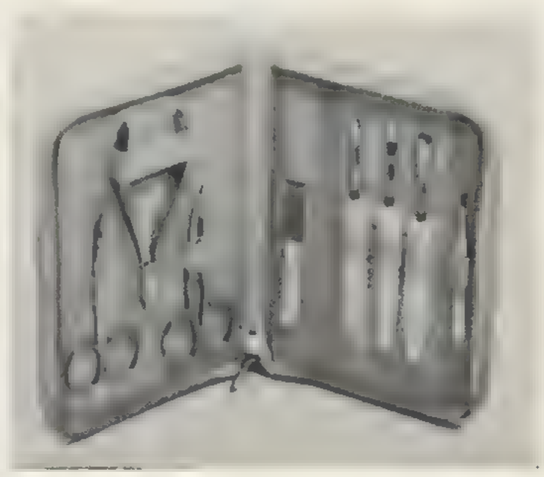
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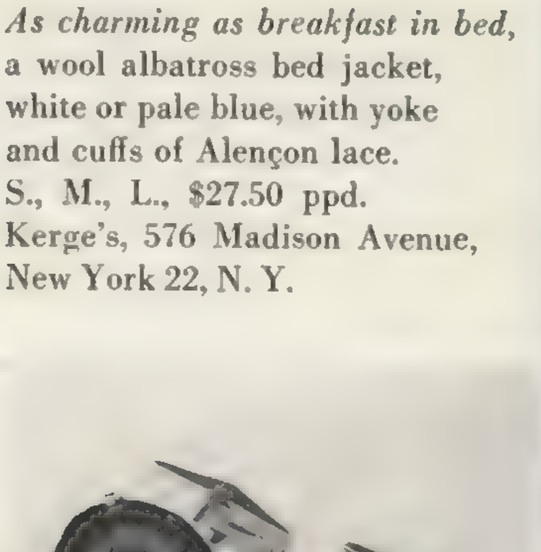
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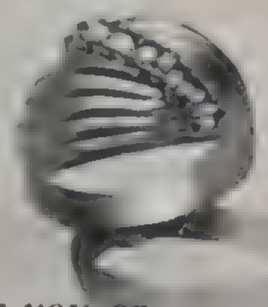


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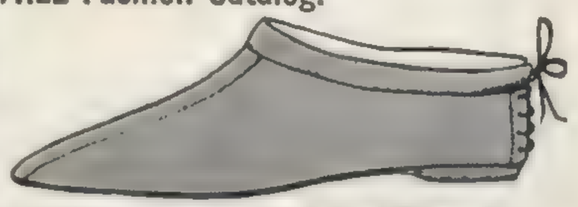
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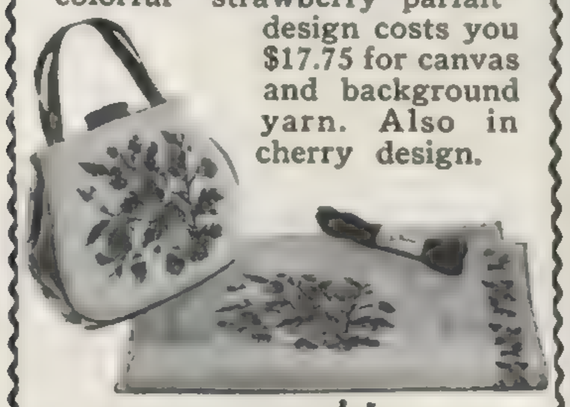
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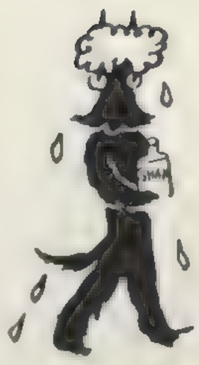
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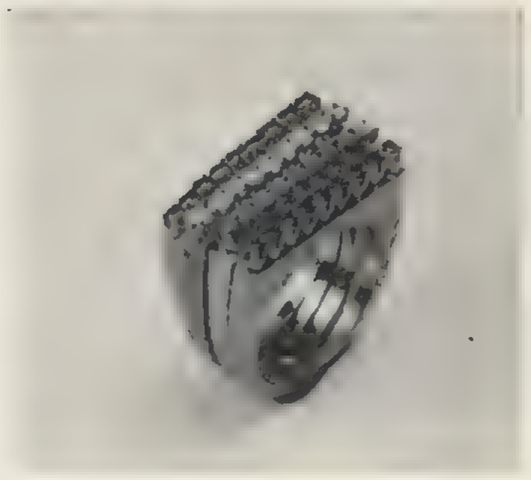
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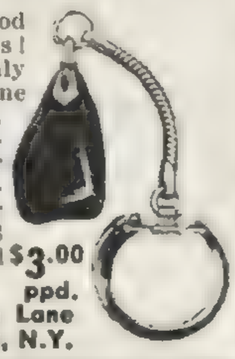
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THE HAT—Peru
The Alpaca Fur Fez—warm for the ski-slope—smart for the Avenue.
White—$22.95
Brown—$19.95

THE PARKA—France
A Fuzzy for fun, hooded parka—for warmth with style. In beige, rose, lt. blue. S.M.L. $55.00

THE SKI PANTS—Germany
The famous Bogner stretch pants now come in 20 colors—sizes 8 to 18. XS. S.M.L.XL. $49.50

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Rogg ski boots—enough said! A completely hand-made boot. $69.00

THE POLES—Steel poles from $8.95 to $14.95

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also Essex Green Plaza, West Orange, N. J.

Avoid frown lines . . . Use
Hollywood
WINGS

The beauty secret of glamorous women. Place HOLLYWOOD WINGS over the offending lines when you retire . . . made of flesh colored fabric treated to adhere over offending lines. Satisfaction or refund.



Theatrical size box $1. plus .20 hdlg. & del.

Taylor
chin band
A TRIPLE CONVENIENCE . . .



1. a chin strap while sleeping, reading or watching T.V.
2. a head-band to protect your coiffure from make-up & while playing tennis.
3. or, if snoring annoys you, get one for your room-mate.



Made of the finest latex elastic, adjustable head pieces for proper tension. You must be pleased with the results or money refunded.

$1.00 *plus 20c del. & handling.*

W. Scott Taylor Co. Trenton 8, N.J.



HOLD THAT TIGER!! . . . with an
easybaby car belt

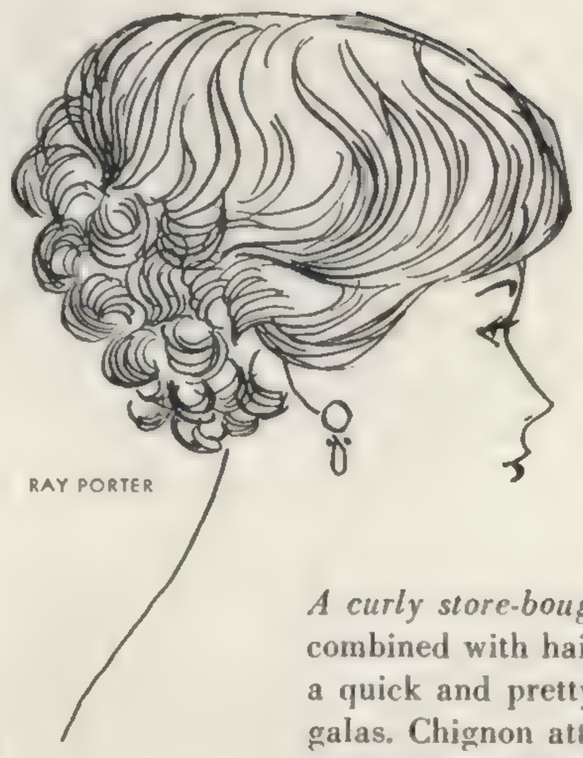
- Here is the answer to safe driving with young children on long drives or short trips about town.
- Child can stand, sit, or lie down in comfort and safety.
- It need never be removed—is not in the way when not in use; replaces cumbersome car-seats.
- Made of strong blue webbing, this adjustable belt fastens around the child's waist with a dog leash catch and travels up and down a second strap that buckles over the seat back. A perfect baby present.

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

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SHOP



RAY PORTER

A curly store-bought chignon,
combined with hair you grew yourself, makes a quick and pretty coiffure for after-dark galas. Chignon attaches just under the crown. $7.95. (Light blond, auburn, or mixed grey, $3.25 extra.) Include hair sample with order. Fashion Hair Products, Dept. K. 175 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Bangle quints:
all five have a heart. Amethyst-, ruby-, topaz-, sapphire-, or emerald-coloured glass hearts; 18-k. gold-plated bangles. $3.95 the set of five, inc. tax, ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Dept. SH-11, Northport, New York.



MIEHLMANN

Christmas-directed alligator
change purse, which, in December, might be hard to find. Black or brown, with separate coin pocket, two bill compartments, and card case. $20 plus tax, ppd. Dale's Luggage, 367 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

A restring of pearls or a complete redo of them could be somebody's Christmas oyster. Mr. Shimshirian performs these chores with authority, as well as redesigning other jewellery, making things to a sketched design, or combining miscellaneous small stones into one meaning-fraught dazzle. M. S. Shimshirian, 214 East 50th St., New York 22, N. Y.

HOUND



. . . pre-Christmas specials;
chasing down the giveables



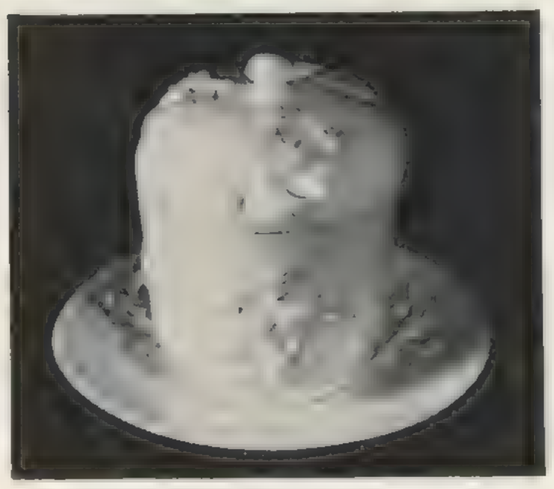
The business in hand
augurs well, when carried by this crushed cowhide diplomat case, with portfolio—a removable one. Black or brown, leather-lined. made in Belgium by Delforge. $115 plus tax, ppd. Mark Cross, 707 Fifth Avenue, New York 22.



Coming to grips with spaghetti,
these Haitian-made servers seize the spaghetti firmly, serve it neatly; also toss and serve salads. Hand-sculptured of taverneau, a tawny Haitian wood. 8½" long. $2.95 the pair, ppd. Hobi, Dept. V9, Flushing 52, New York.



White-on-white porcelain,
a French jar with knobbed lid, and saucer, and a raised Chinoiserie design that copies an old one.
5½" high, 3½" wide. $23.50.
Alice Marks, 36 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.



Transferable fur,
natural raccoon shawl collar, red-velvet-lined, to shoulder a jacket, a coat, a sweater.
$13.50, tax inc., ppd.
Wilco, 35 S. Park Avenue, Rockville Centre, New York.

SHANNON

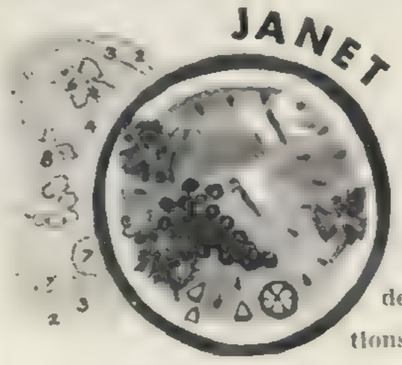
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Fountain of Youth—Our Whirlpool Bath

Revitalize and condition your body, relieve nervous tension, and pep up circulation with rejuvenating whirlpool bath by Jacuzzi. Thrill to the glorious feeling of a gentle, relaxing bath and tingling water massage a la Baden Baden. Use in bathtub, swimming pool. No installation. AC. **285.00**

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The TUSCANY FLAT

Hand-made Italian flat. Selected calf skins, superbly flexible.

Red, Blue, Black and Tobacco.....$16.95
Add 40c p.p.
Sizes 4½ to 10 AA, A, B, C.

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Est. 1941

N. Y. HAIRSTYLIST *gives*
COIFFURE ANALYSIS $1
Recommendations on

- ***HAIR COLORING***
- ***HAIRSTYLING***
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Send your photo, front view or ¾ front, enclose lock of hair and short description of yourself. State color of eyes, hair and complexion; also enclose $1.00. After analysis is made our experts will suggest hairstyle best suited to your face type, hair color and how to care for your hair.

Which type are you?

Be sure to enclose photo and $1.00 and send to Madame Francois. Photographs returned if requested.

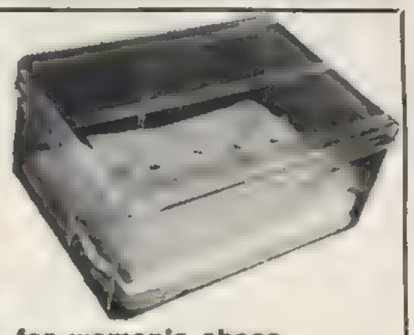
Francois de Paris
HAIRSTYLIST, INC.
37 WEST 8th ST., • NEW YORK

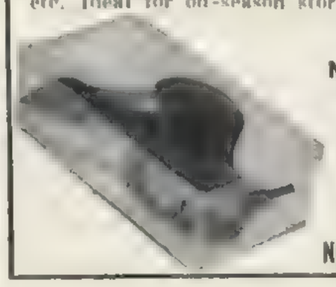
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Keep lingerie, cashmeres, men's shirts and linens clean and dust-free!

Of rigid, strong polystyrene with snug-fit lid. Crystal clear . . . see contents at a glance! Size: 15" x 11" x 6" holds 12 sweaters, slips, blouses, etc. Ideal for off-season storage, too!

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- size: 12" x 6" x 4½"

No COD's or Stamps, please

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SEE-BRELLA* ...guards your safety with new golden glamour



Clearly — THE GIFT — this year! Fashionable new rainy-day accessory . . . for any gal, any age! No size or color problem. Sure to please.

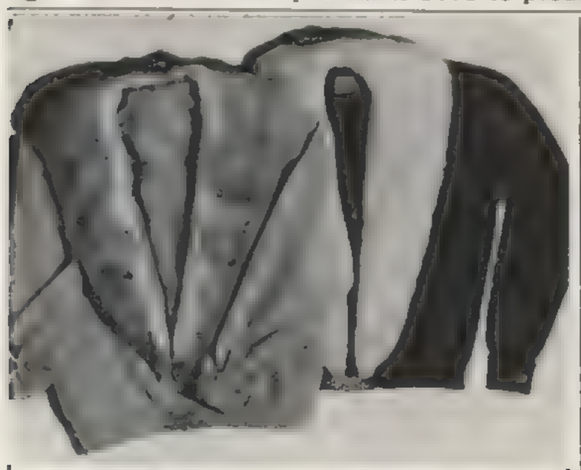
Here's the glamorous new "picture window" umbrella you look through, not under, when rainy winds blow! Its strong, heavy-gauge, crystal-clear vinyl shakes dry instantly, no soggy drip. New SEE-BRELLA "dresses up" any outfit. Brilliantly styled with 10-rib golden-finish steel frame, gold-color binding, gleaming golden-flecked plastic handle, your choice of gold press-on personalizing initial. Even has handy rain bonnet in plastic pouch on handle chain! Light, yet sturdy, long-lasting. Ideal for outdoor sports, to keep in your car. Order several, for gifts, for yourself. Specify initial. Sorry, no C.O.D.s. Write for free gift catalog.

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- ☐ Black
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MINK SHADES
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- ☐ Beige
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Each ppd. $89.95

COMPLETE sizes over 40 $5.00 extra

SPECIAL at $79.95—Same cashmere sweaters with beaver or fox shawl collars in all popular shades.

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Hand-made in the centuries-old tradition of Jerusalem's craftsmen, who designed these exquisite pieces with infinite care. Knight's CROSS in rich STERLING SILVER set with Alexandrite-colored stone—a man-made sapphire rivaling the Alexandrite in its ever-changing hues. 2-inch Cross, $29. 1½-in. Cross, $19. Earrings, clip or screw, $10. Set of Cross and Earrings, $38.00 and $28.00. Gift-boxed, tax included, postpaid.

Stephanie's Imports, Dept. V-11

1966 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.



Tapestry Foot Notes For Lounging, Traveling

Belgian tapestry slippers with a very pretty needlepoint flower design on beige or black. Slippers have leather soles, flat heels and come in a see-through travel case. Sizes 4½ to 9. Add 20¢ postage. **4.98**



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In real, floral paisley. Use also for rosary, pills, coins, etc. 3" long.

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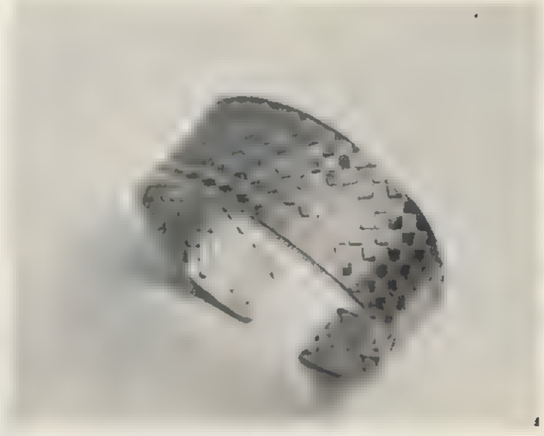


Battle Creek

EQUIPMENT CO., Battle Creek Z-53, Mich.

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Off-the-cuff.
This bracelet, woven—
in the manner of baskets—
of 18-k. gold.
One-inch wide and handsome.
Here from Italy.
$185 plus tax, ppd.
Guyot, 33 East 68th St.,
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Good knifing is important
to good cooking, and a good
knife set can pare a number of
important names off the
Christmas list. This one
has two slicers,
8″ and 10″, two household knives,
6″ and 8″, two paring knives, all
fitted in a maplewood block.
$43 the set, ppd. Myers Luggage,
231 Worth Ave., Palm Beach, Fla.





A good sporting plaid,
the Prince of Wales pattern,
here in Scotch wool slacks, olive,
blue, or taupe.
Sizes 10 to 16. $29.50 ppd.
The cable-stitched, hand-knit
cardigan made the trip
from Hong Kong. Grey,
stone blue, olive
green, or gold. M., L. $29.50 ppd.
The Bermuda Shop, Ltd.
545 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

For a woman with travel on her calendar, Louise Bruné, a specialist in travel clothes, designs a complete wardrobe predicated on her subject's agenda. One plan: reversible coat, two dresses, and a jacket in silk or wool; prices begin at $250. Miss Bruné will also reshape an existing wardrobe to a new way of life. Louise Bruné, 15 W. 38th St., New York 18, N.Y.

HOUND

. . . pre-Christmas special: chasing down the giveables

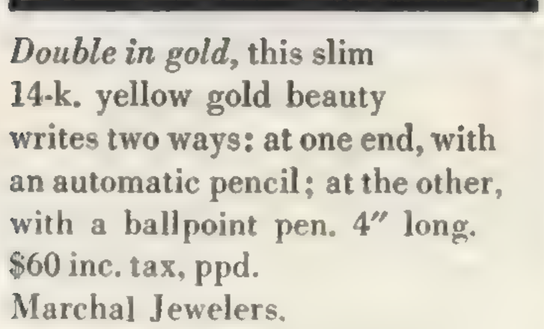
MIEHLMANN



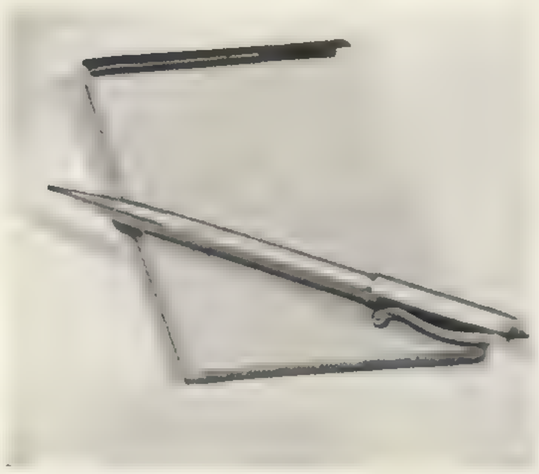
Size questions solved here.
The Velcro closing of this good-looking calf belt measures up to most waistlines (22 to 32). 1½" wide; seaweed, banker's grey, curry. $4.95 ppd.
John Baldwin.
156 Beach Drive North,
St. Petersburg, Florida.



Silver rule
and letter opener, a silver dollar at one end to offset (in theory) the bills it de-envelopes. All sterling silver, 7½" long with 6" ruler.
$10 inc. tax. Tiffany, 57th St. and Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



Double in gold, this slim 14-k. yellow gold beauty writes two ways: at one end, with an automatic pencil; at the other, with a ballpoint pen. 4" long.
$60 inc. tax, ppd.
Marchal Jewelers.
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24-k. gold sari,
magenta-bordered beige silk, real gold loomed into it. Three petticoats, two starched silk chiffon, one silk crêpe, are part of this look, and the bodice is lined with peau de soie. Each sari different. Sizes 8 to 16.
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TAX INCLUDED†
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the **ONE GIFT** she **DOESN'T** have . . .



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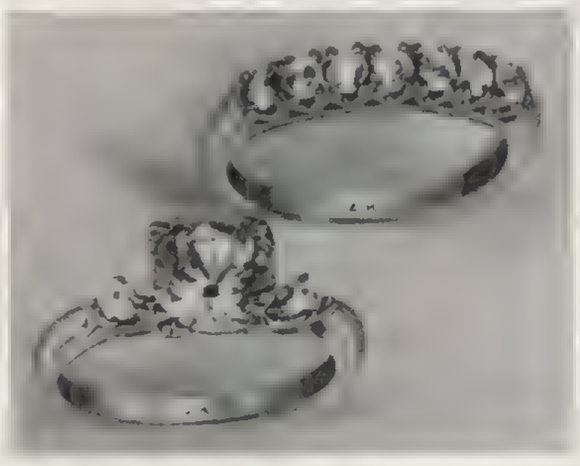
Wrist twist,
all 18-k. gold, yellow gold
roped with white gold thread.
Interesting obbligato for
another non-rope-y bracelet.
$105, tax inc.
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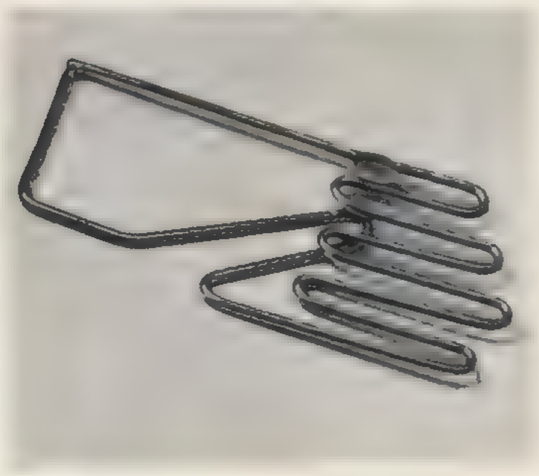
Mail orders? Gladly! Send for beautifully-illustrated catalog V—$1 (refunded with purchase).

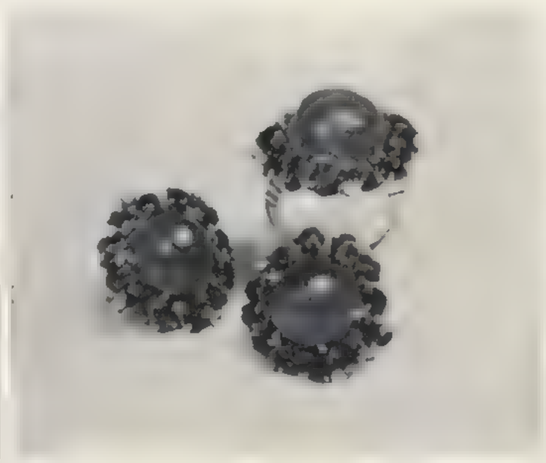
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Give the man a hand
to clip his desk papers;
a brass hand marked indisputably
his by an initial engraved on the
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$2.50 with initial; $2 without.
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Jewels on order:
ring for the finger, rings for the
ears, each here encompassing a
cabochon emerald with carved rubies
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jewellers who enjoy a designing
challenge. Ring, $800. Earrings, $800.
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"Out, damned spot! out, I say!" . . . Wm. Shakespeare



FADE THEM OUT

Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with new ESOTERICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, makes hands look white and young again. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Not a cover-up. *Acts in the skin—not on it.* Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating skin as it clears up those blemishes.

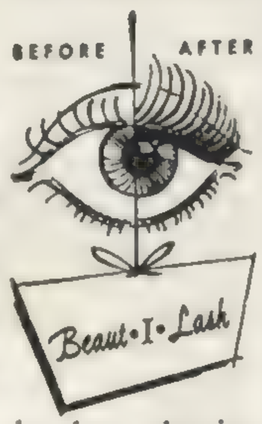
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Send name and address. Pay only $2.00 on arrival plus C.O.D. postage and tax on guarantee you must be satisfied with first results or return remaining ESOTERICA for money back. Or save money. Send $2.20 which includes tax and we pay postage. Same guarantee.

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$8.50 pair

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Beautiful colors more satisfactory than mascara. Conservative in a Continental sort of Way. Full color brochure available on request.

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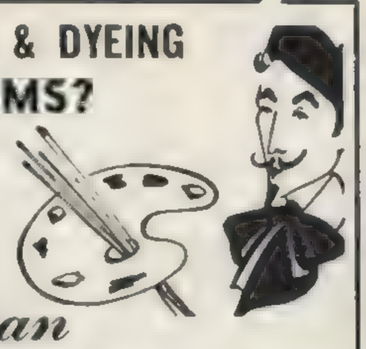
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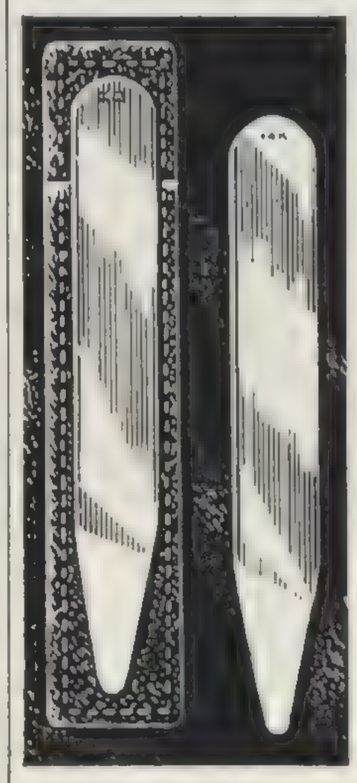
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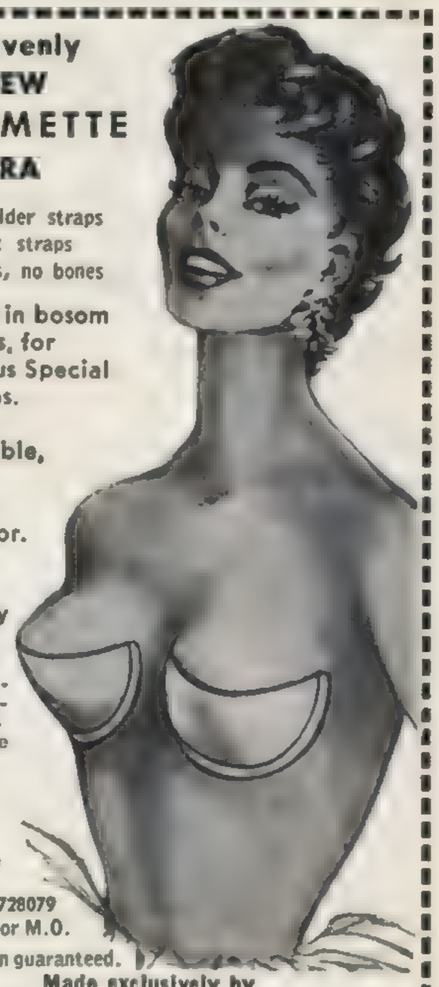
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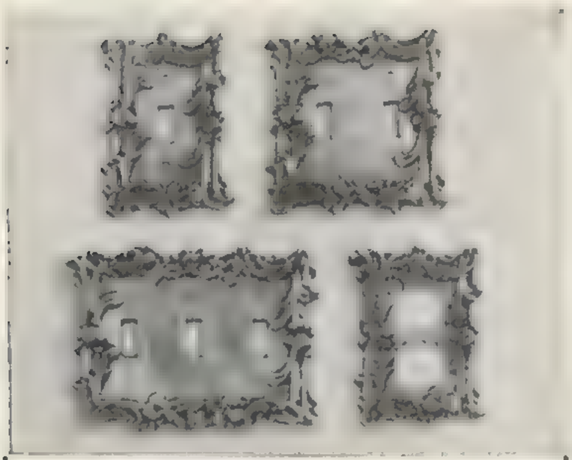
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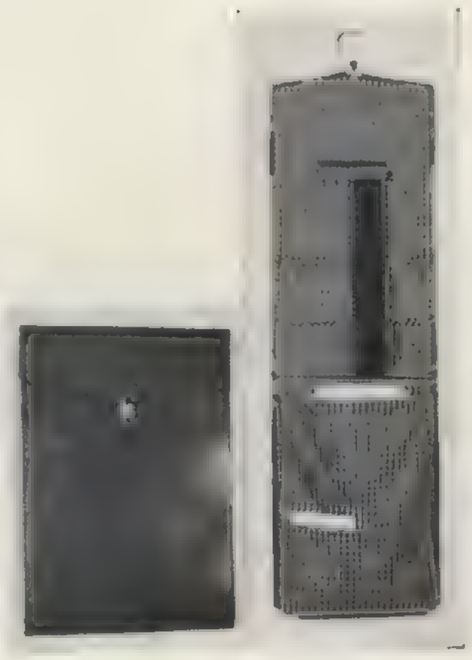
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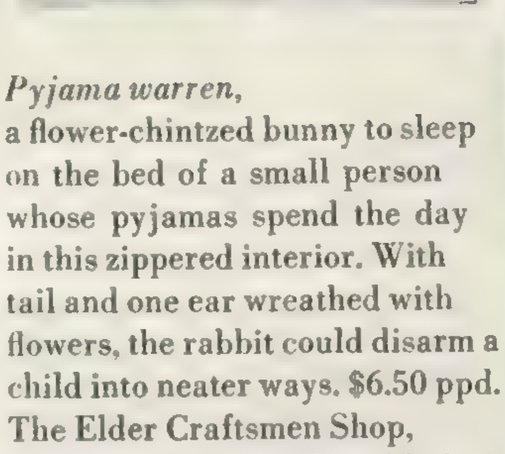
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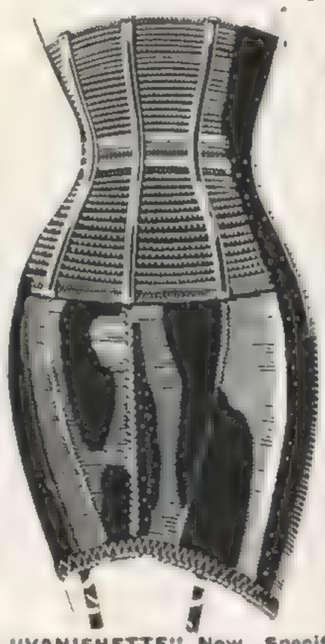
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Florida's pleasures last all the year long. Along the coastline: boats for fishing, bayous like thin veins, and, to the south, the skinny Keys, strung on 170 miles of overseas highway, Miami to Key West. Through the interior: quiet waterways, ribbon-smooth highways. A few of Florida's cities are polished and slick, like hit Broadway productions; others have the slow charm of off-the-track settlements. One such town, on the west coast is Tarpon Springs, a colony of Greek-speaking sponge fishermen. There, fishermen gather in open-air cafés along the water front to sip Turkish coffee, and, on January sixth, after the Epiphany service in the immense Greek church on the main square, the priests lead a procession to the water front, bless the waters, and throw the Holy Cross into the sea, to be retrieved by a scramble of divers. Following the priests come altar boys, carrying tapers that flicker dimly in that relentlessly brilliant January sunlight.

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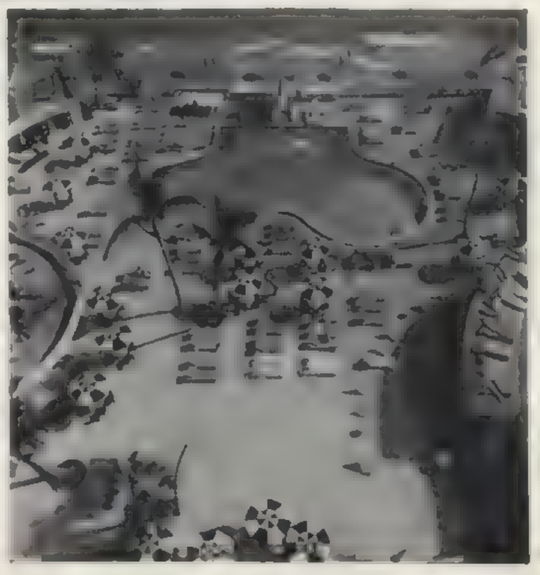
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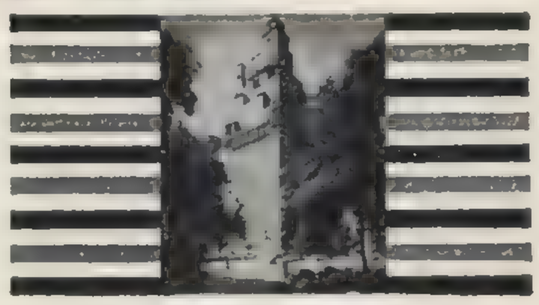
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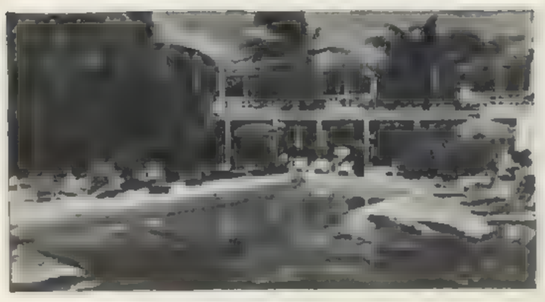


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VOGUE

NOVEMBER 1, 1959



VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF COUNTING WHAT'S OUT

If we seem to be carried away by the in and out idea, it's only that we've been brushing up our Shakespeare—"who's in, who's out," King Lear, v. iii. 15—and deciding in the course of same that fashions in clothes, fashions in talk, hang firmly on knowing what's out, when things switch from in to out, out to in.

And as far as we can figure it, knowing fashion this way depends on what this magazine once called the glutton eye, the eye that threads through everything and, suddenly, with a mental click, sees the big picture in focus.

Case in point now: To the eye that's been on fashion, small fragmentary jewellery now looks wrong. Size is what looks right—whopping Jack's-beanstalk size with a properly fakish manner. Big is in; little is out. . . . Another case in point: the outness of the unpainted eye. In: the eye with make-up and drama. In, too: talk that includes the phrase "far out," meaning "the greatest, as cool as you can get."

For more in and out pointers, check the next eight pages.



How to make fashion out of clothes

A dress, as Gertrude Stein might have pointed out, is a dress, is a dress. Making it into something considerably more fascinating—making clothes into fashion, in fact—is a process not unlike making a roomful of beautiful furniture into a marvellous-place-to-be-in, or producing—without clichés—dinner for six from an assortment of jars and boxes. Possibly this talent is bred in the bone, possibly it's acquired. Whatever, some women seem to have a clear inside track on this kind of processing. Give such a woman a bare room and she sees it with *that* commode against *that* wall. Give her a little-nothing-of-a-dress and, even as she's mentally stripping an inch off the hem, she's adding dash—the offbeat jewel, the significant length of glove, height of heel, the hat that will make all the difference. Our point is: give some women a fraction, they see the whole—and usually they see it quickly. Where fashion is concerned, what it comes down to is this: the woman who gets more than just wear out of clothes automatically thinks in terms of a look. And while looks vary as distinctively as the women who invent them, we've yet to discover a woman who didn't agree about what goes into look-thinking. These do invariably: some touch of surprise, of luxury, of personalness. One Vogue editor put it this way, "The time element comes into it . . . you can count on the really smart woman to snatch a classic from the jaws of boredom by the addition of at least one this-year thing." Which, in practice, might work something like this: On page 109 is the sort of black crêpe dress that women cling to late-day after late-day. With reason: it's simple, beautifully cut, safe as houses. And, precisely because of these *(Continued on next page)*

Balenciaga suit look, left and right, with a this-year kind of length and fit to the jacket, a this-year set of wearing rules—stiffish suède beret in the suit's beige, a pearl-powered glow around the face, and black for dash. Copy of the Balenciaga hat and woollen suit, at Henri Bendel. Glittered fake pearl earrings, by Scaasi. French leather gloves. The handbag, palomino bound with black leather. All, also at Henri Bendel. Necklace by Richelieu.

SCHATZBERG



sterling qualities, it could be—like the romantic ingénue in a Shakespeare comedy—a virtuous anonymity. On the other hand, it's the particular charm of little-black-dresses that, played with a stretch of wit and imagination, they can be absolute knockouts. Here—with a Vogue editor's own comments—is how this particular little-black-dress became a success. In the tell-all light of a full-length mirror, these were discarded: an eight-strand pearl necklace worn partly outside the bateau neckline ("kills the neckline . . . makes the dress look dowager"); a lovely glitter of pale-yellow earrings ("too drear . . . too much yellow for matte black . . . sallow-looking"). Also Out on various grounds of incompatibility: a wide shimmery smoky-stone bracelet ("too much"); white kid gloves ("in this case, overdressed"). In: a play of non-klieg light around the face; the following made the grade, and the look—three strands of bogus pearls half-hidden beneath the neckline; a pair of soap-bubble-size pearl earrings with dazzly topaz-and-amber tops; and a marvellous this-year kind of hat—high, light-catching black taffeta crushed over a soleil brim; black gloves. The earrings, incidentally, are repeat performers, having already *(Continued on page 110)*

Little-black-dress raised to look-status,
directly right, by the addition of one marvellous
this-season pin—bogus pearls in a rim of glitter.
Dress, by Mollie Parnis, of William Rose silk;
about $160. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres;
I. Magnin. Albert Weiss pin. Martinique shoes.
Close-upped, facing page: look-makers for black—
the necklace and earrings from a page back;
a crush of luxe light-catching black taffeta.
The black sliver of dress they're worn with—shown alongside—
crêpe of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon
(Chardon-Marché fabric). About $70.
Dress, and hat—from Christian Dior-New York
(this, to order)—at Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's.

SCHATZBERG



. . . making Fashion out of Clothes

appeared on the two preceding pages. Which brings us to a sound theory: if you have a marvellous piece of jewellery—earrings, a really colossal pin, a sensational ring—wear it for all it's worth. Repetition isn't what's boring. What's boring is the repetition of bores. There's nothing wrong, for instance, with the combination of a single strand of graduated pearls, small pearl-button earrings, and a little gold circle pin—except this: each, in its own way, is a rather mild form of jewelling. Taken together, like a trio of inseparable vaudevillians, and worn relentlessly with the same fairly classic suit, the effect becomes—after a time—one of mounting mildness. Not glaringly awful, of course; merely too safe to be fashion. Just as safe, but incalculably more interesting, the suit-refreshers outlined on page 113. Here we've used one greyish-beige suit—loose-limbed, uncomplicated—and given it two strong looks to go on. In the first—the head-on photograph—the idea was to bring the beige-iness into high key with lots of white. To which end we added pearly bulb earrings, a tall white felt pillbox, and steeped the neckline in four rows of bright evenly matched pearls. Right of that, same suit stripped of necklace [Editor's *(Continued on page 112)*

Almost total black, directly right, but far from a blackout. The surprise lights—detailed in the centre photograph—a Persian lamb chéchia; jet-and-gold coloured earrings; a flash of black alligator, white gloves. Coat, by Jablow, of Dumas-Maury wool; collar and facing of Persian lamb. About $275. This, the Hattie Carnegie earrings, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Julius Garfinckel. Coat, and Sally Victor hat—of Southwest African Persian lamb—at Frost Bros. Deitsch handbag.
Far right: Blue-and-green checked wool coat with a great big wonderful collar. The hat here does all the right things—picks up the coat green and, instead of competing with the collar, rises to heights of its own. Coat, a Lanvin Castillo adaptation, in Tissus Raimon wool; $170. Saks Fifth Avenue. Velours toque: Christian Dior-New York.



SCHATZBERG



. . . making Fashion out of Clothes

note: "Don't be afraid to bare a good neckline."], and wearing black as though black were jewels—handbag, suède gloves, a black-belted furry greige cloche. The overall gain: for one suit, twice the fashion life. Getting more than just one riveting look per dress or suit is what the woman with real fashion expertise is particularly deft at. We feel, for example, that she'd be quick to spot the little-evening potential of the red wool dress on this page; would recognize instantly that—by trading the hamster beret and the daytime-y gold bracelet for a flush of pearls and short white kid gloves—it could be *the* breather for black any don't-dress evening this winter. Extemporizing is the chic woman's forte. Without ever drifting into makeshiftiness, this is the sort of mileage she coaxes out of a perfectly plain long-sleeved black cashmere pullover. . . . Favourite evening look: black cashmere, tucked into a full oyster-satin skirt; a bolt of blue brocade at the waist. Less gala but equally charming: the sweater pulled out over a paper-pleated thin black woollen skirt, belted with a lash of black leather, *(Continued on page 184)*

Red wool dress, directly right, with all its daytime wits about it—hamster beret, a pair of bogus pearl bubble-earrings, a pleasantly weighty link bracelet. (All of which might be traded in, at a little-evening's notice, for lots of pearls, short white kidskin gloves.) Jane Derby dress, of Forstmann wool-and-fur. About $100.
Bergère gilt bracelet. Both, Bonwit Teller.
Dress, also Hudson's; I. Magnin. Beret by Mr. John.
Facing page: Greyish beige wool cardigan suit played in two unhackneyed keys. In the head-on photograph, beige pitched high with a sizzle of white—a stash of fake pearls in the neckline, white felt pillbox
(This, by Adolfo of Emme.)
Far right, black as a jewel-equivalent: the doeskin gloves, the taffeta-belted hat, the handbag—all doing jewel-work in a refreshing non-jewel way.
Suit, a Balenciaga copy. This, the Richelieu fake pearls, and the greige soleil cloche: Macy's.



SCHATZBERG



"The Best of the Best"

QUICK TASTES OF THE NEW BOOKS

"Sweet God, souse me in literature!" the English bookbinder, Cobden-Sanderson, wrote in his journal. Here are some delights, taken from books published within the past six months. Several of the books are Literature, all of them are among the best in their category; there are in these excerpts, fun, wit, sense, facts, imagination, art, philosophy, history, and above all, style. These writers write. Their names are Marianne Moore, Groucho Marx, Father R. L. Bruckberger, James Thurber, Phyllis McGinley, Mary McCarthy, Moss Hart, Maria Dermoût, William Strunk, Jr., and E. B. White.

Father R. L. Bruckberger, a French Dominican priest who lived in the United States for eight years, has written in Viking's *Image of America* a magnificently fresh, profound, contemplative book, to explain to his own countrymen what we are like, the historical perspective against which Americans can be seen critically but essentially with liking. This excerpt, from the final chapter.

Americans, Americans, return to the first seed you sowed, to that glorious Declaration of Independence in which, for the first time, the rights of man—I mean the rights of every man, rich or poor, white, yellow, or black—were explicitly defined and defended on the field of battle. I have made plain the fact, the unarguable fact, that the Communist Manifesto, too, is an essentially Western document. What ill luck, how great a misfortune it is for us all, that it should be the ideology of the Communist Manifesto, and not that of your Declaration of Independence, which is now conquering so large a part of the world and firing the imagination of the coloured races. Americans, for this you may well be to blame, just as undoubtedly all Christians are to blame for the fact that today the name of Lenin is held in greater veneration in the world than the name of Jesus. We Christians have failed in missionary spirit. And you, Americans, have been too ready to look upon the Declaration of Independence as a document designed for yourselves alone and not for other nations. How fatal an error. . . .

Americans, it is time to admit that you have erred; it is time to recognize that the Declaration of Independence is not yours alone. That solemn Declaration was made not just for you, but for everyone; not just for the men of one time, the eighteenth century, and one place, America—but for the whole world and for all the generations of mankind. You have done your best to make it work, or if not your best, you have at least gone a long way toward implementing it, and that is how you succeeded in solving your social problem, and why you are advancing, though advancing rather slowly, toward the solution of your racial problem. But now, Americans, your task is to extend the Declaration of Independence to the whole world, to all nations and all races. If you are to remain worthy of your heritage, you must now help solve the social problem between proletarian and capitalist nations, and the racial problem between white and coloured peoples. The West would be doomed, and you eternally shamed, if today you proved incapable not only of fulfilling the splendid hope of the Declaration of Independence in your own country but also of bringing that hope to the rest of the world. It will mean your everlasting glory and salvation for mankind if, as I believe and hope, you can find it in you to proclaim and defend once again the right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and determine to consecrate your utmost strength, labour, and generosity to the task of making it possible for all men, in America and throughout the world, to enjoy these rights to the full.

Phyllis McGinley, a poet of engaging good sense, wit, and technical virtuosity, occasionally writes sharp essays. A group of them—two have been published in Vogue—are now clumped together under the accurate title, *The Province of the Heart*. Here an excerpt from the chapter, "In Defense of Sin."

. . . I shall remind my daughters simply that there is such a thing as right and such a thing as wrong. I shall commit the dreadful heresy of talking about sin.

Sin has always been an ugly word, but it has been made so in a new sense over the last half-century. It has been made not only ugly but passé. People are no longer sinful, they are only immature or underprivileged or frightened or, more particularly, sick. And I think it has no doubt been helpful to some unfortunates to find themselves so considered. But my daughters and yours are fairly brave and certainly privileged and more mature than we might have hoped; and if their souls had been sick, we should have known it before this. *My* children would believe themselves mortally insulted to have their misdemeanours classified as illnesses. In our household we have never been afraid of sin as a common noun. . . .

Marianne Moore, a warm, precise-minded poet whose poems read as though she had placed the words in position with a surgeon's tweezers, has a new cool collection, *O To Be a Dragon*. Here, from those fifteen poems, "Saint Nicholas," first published by *The New Yorker*.

Saint Nicholas,

might I, if you can find it, be given
a chameleon with tail
that curls like a watch spring; and vertical
on the body—including the face—pale
tiger-stripes, about seven;
(the melanin in the skin
having been shaded from the sun by thin
bars; the spinal dome
beaded along the ridge
as if it were platinum).

If you can find no striped chameleon,
might I have a dress or suit—
I guess you have heard of it—of *qiviut?*
and to wear with it, a taslon shirt, the drip-dry fruit
of research second to none;
sewn, I hope, by Excello;
as for buttons to keep down the collar-points, no.
The shirt could be white—
and be "worn before six,"
either in daylight or at night.

But don't give me, if I can't have the dress,
a trip to Greenland, or grim
trip to the moon. The moon should come here. Let him
make the trip down, spread on my dark floor some dim
marvel, and if a success
that I stoop to pick up and wear,
I could ask nothing more. A thing yet more rare,
though, and different,
would be this: Hans von Marées'
St. Hubert, kneeling with head bent,

form erect—in velvet, tense with restraint—
hand hanging down: the horse, free.
Not the original, of course. Give me
a postcard of the scene—huntsman and divinity—
hunt-mad Hubert startled into a saint
by a stag with a Figure entined.
But why tell you what you must have divined?
Saint Nicholas, O Santa Claus,
would it not be the most
prized gift that ever was!

Mary McCarthy, whose relentlessly moral mind focused brilliantly and belligerently a few years ago on Venice in *Venice Observed*, has spent the last two years analyzing the history, the influence, the art, the people of Florence, jumping easily, like a child playing hopscotch, from the past to the present, in *The Stones of Florence*, published by Harcourt, Brace. The book, enriched with startlingly beautiful photographs by Evelyn Hofer, is witty, sometimes cruel, fascinating, and always original. Note: the dialogue in the excerpt below is a paraphrase of "Give me but one firm spot on which to stand, and I will move the earth," by Archimedes.

The Florentines abroad, when they were not political exiles, conspiring among themselves, backbiting and trying to promote wars that would bring them home, were provokers of a different kind of disturbance, upsetting preconceptions of the mind and eye. Abroad and at home, they were independent, difficult to get on with, patronizing, quick in retort. "So this is the little person," said Pope Eugenius IV, sizing up Brunelleschi, "who would be brave enough to turn the world over on its axis." "Just give me a point, your Holiness, where I can fix my lever, and I'll show you what I can do." The little architect's prompt reply summed up the Florentine attitude: "Give me a place to stand, and I will move the universe." The story of Giotto and the circle, which gave rise to the expression "as round as Giotto's *O*," shows the same succinctness and confidence. Asked by the agent of an earlier pope for a sample of his work, Giotto simply drew a perfect circle, freehand, in red pencil, and sent it on to the vicar of Christ, who understood the point: the man who could do this had no need, like ordinary artists, to submit drawings. . . .

Moss Hart, in his compelling, funny, exhilaratingly honest autobiography, *Act One*, which ends with his first theatrical success, manages to give the feel of his years of doubt, when he and his family were baldly poor. He uses no such euphemisms as underprivileged or deprived. He made no peace with poverty. Here, a short paragraph from *Act One*, published by Random House.

. . . It is hard to describe or to explain concisely the overwhelming and suffocating boredom that is the essence of being poor. A great deal has been written about the barren drudgery of poverty; but I do not recall that the numbing effect of its boredom has been much written or talked about. Yet boredom is the keynote of poverty—of all its indignities, it is perhaps the hardest of all to live with—for where there is no money there is no change of any kind, not of scene or of routine. . . .

Groucho Marx in his casual autobiography, *Groucho and Me*, ducks the specific data of his life as much as possible, concentrating instead on special, intelligent sideswipes at his career, as though he had been an accident-prone driver who had collided successively with vaudeville, the theatre, movies, radio, and television. In all cases, the dents are not on Marx. In this excerpt from his book, published by Bernard Geis Associates, he explains the beginning of a confused correspondence with Warner Brothers' lawyers who had threatened a lawsuit if the Marx Brothers called their projected movie, *A Night in Casablanca*; some years earlier Warners had made the movie, *Casablanca*, with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman.

Dear Warner Brothers:

Apparently there is more than one way of conquering a city and holding it as your own. For example, up to the time that we contemplated making this picture, I had no idea that the city of Casablanca belonged exclusively to Warner Brothers. However, it was only a few days after our announcement appeared that we received your long, ominous legal document warning us not to use the name, Casablanca. It seems that in 1471, Ferdinand Balboa Warner, your great-great-grandfather, while looking for a short cut to the city of Burbank, had stumbled on the shores of Africa and, raising his alpenstock (which he later turned in for a hundred shares of the common), named it Casablanca.

I just don't understand your attitude. Even if you plan on re-releasing your picture, I am sure that the average movie fan could learn in time to distinguish between Ingrid Bergman and Harpo. I don't know whether I could, but I certainly would like to try.

You claim you own Casablanca and that no one else can use that name without your per- *(Continued on page 189)*

Furs, spotted around; 1960 cars

Two elements of news, starting here, to pull the excitement-trigger on a new decade: spotlight flashes of leopard; 1960 cars in assorted sizes. About leopard, it's smashing now worn with this fresh slant: the spottedness of this fur has a balancing effect on colours—it not only sparks up dark shades (gives grey vitamin bounce), but also tones down bright ones (gives red established basicness). Case in point: this red wool dress and jacket with rounded leopard collar, that bisects another redness—a 1960 Cadillac convertible with a new fin-do, these swept straight back now, rather than up. Suit, in Hockanum wool crêpe. About $120 at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Red pillbox by Emme. Faintly oranged lipstick for this red, this fur: Sunburst, by Alexandra de Markoff.





Going on with spotted furs, 1960 cars

The high-spots here: a deep-leopard hat, a 1960 Lincoln Continental Mark V stretching its luxe length in the background. (News of this car is evolutionary, not revolutionary—its charms, this year, are intensified rather than radically changed.) The hat, with squared crown, deep brim to turn up Dietrichly, perhaps, at one side—as here. This, to wear with liberal or conservative colour; the new leopard-thinking includes an agreement with turquoise blue, for instance. One bylaw: a fur hat of this importance should solo—no other leopardments allowed. Hat of African leopard: at Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Famous-Barr; Frederick & Nelson. Leopardable lipstick: Flamboyant, by Dorothy Gray.



RAWLINGS





Accessories with tawny leanings

Bags, gloves, jewellery—all keyed to leopard colours, and wearable with them. Wearable, too, with putty-beiges, browns. *Top to bottom, first:* Chain necklace of flat gilt links, 60″ long, to wear dangling at several levels. By D. Lisner; $2* at Macy's. *Second:* Handbag of caramel-brown Italian calfskin, with handsome brown bamboo handle and lock. This, $80* at Lederer. *Third:* Gloves of chocolate-brown kidskin. 8-button. By Dawnelle; $11 at Altman's. *Fourth:* Necklace in three strands; textured gilt. By Capri; $3* at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Fifth:* Giant handbag of hair calfskin punctuated by smooth calfskin—both black. By Walter Katten; $160* at Altman's.

*PLUS TAX

1960 cars; fur spottings

Opposite page: Portrait of a woman wearing a 1960 Mercury at her waist—this, now with a concave grille, headlights widely cuffed in chrome, new emphasis at the beltline (car talk for the streak rimming hood and fenders). What else she's wearing: a long wrappy stole and flat beret of leopard. These, marvellous spot-checking for a narrow day dress or suit; the stole goes out at night, too. Both, by Winter Furs, of African leopard; at Altman's; Joseph Magnin.

GRIGSBY

Tawny leanings *continued*

Left, top to bottom; first: Smallish satchel handbag of black alligator with double top-handles. By Koret; at Bergdorf Goodman. *Second:* Sleeve-meeting gloves, 8-button length, in kidskin the colour of unfiltered tobacco. By Grandoe; $11 at Lord & Taylor. *Third:* Three-strand necklaces (two here) of bronze baroque mock pearls, mock crystal. By Bergère; $16* each at Bonwit Teller. *Fourth:* Brown handbag in two leather textures—calfskin smooth and calfskin suèdey. This, by Greta; $60* at Bergdorf Goodman.

1960 cars; spotted jackets

Opposite page: Waiting with open doors, two kinds of 1960 Chevrolet: the Bel Air sport coupé, left, and a new-born junior partner—the Corvair, featuring compact size, a rear engine, youthful energy. A double order of spots—leopard, combined here with black mink. Both jackets, of natural Somali leopard with black-dyed mink collars; one uses more mink for cuffs. Playing both furs against the middle are the pillboxy hats—one leopard, one mink. Jackets at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Black-dyed mink hat by Lilly Daché. Leopard hat by Sally Victor.

GRIGSBY

RAWLINGS



*PLUS TAX



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The blank-cheque richness of this country's entertainment, the theatres paunchy with full houses, television name-dropping, and some movie houses again making money with films instead of candy bars. . . . The inspired song commentary: "Too neat to be a beatnik, too round to be a square.". . . The cheek of the movie, *The Man Who Understood Women,* with fun from Henry Fonda and romance from Cesare Danova with Leslie Caron. . . . The tweet-tweet sweet voice of Rose Murphy who has been throbbing the blues at Julius Monk's Downstairs at the Upstairs; but Upstairs at the Downstairs, the pitch is parody, good parody.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Rosemary,* the delicate, surprisingly funny German film, based upon the true history of a Frankfurt call girl, strangled in 1957; pretty Nadja Tiller, as the wry girl who studies French, murmuring sympathetically from time to time, while her callers spin their tedious testimony of business and marital grief from her bed into her tape recorder—for later blackmail. . . . The electric pleasure of watching Roberto Iglesias and his Spanish ballet, with Iglesias looking as sideburned and loose-hipped as Elvis Presley. . . . The Looking Glass Library, a new series of children's books, inexpensive editions of such classic delights as *The Peterkin Papers* and Edward Lear's *A Book of Nonsense,* each book satisfactorily thick, some with tiny, cramped illustrations that children dote upon.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The number of imitation Brigitte Bardots, sulky-mouthed and sloppy-haired, in Rome, Berlin, and even London. . . . In Paris, *Don Juan d'Autriche: Conquérant Solitaire* by Edmonde Charles-Roux, who has written a unique biography, historically accurate, about the illegitimate son of Charles V of Austria and half-brother of Philip II of Spain who told the fourteen-year-old beggar boy, Juan, that he was of royal birth, the kind of brotherly confidence that can change a life. . . . The record, *The Ray Coniff Singers,* who sound young but not twangy, have a pronounced beat as they sing middling old songs.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Ingmar Bergman, the brilliant Swedish director, whose latest movie here is *The Magician,* a mocking, odd film in which Ingrid Thulin is beautifully feline and Max von Sydow, an insoluble con man-saint. . . . The compulsive, art-oriented cafeteria, The Brasserie, open for twenty-four hours a day in New York's Seagram Building; plates designed by Picasso on which to serve, among other delicacies, Fromage-Burgers. . . . *Lyrics on Several Occasions,* a new book by Ira Gershwin who happily remembers not only how most of his lyrics came about but also a man, named Dave Clark, who once said of an annoyer: "I never liked him and I always will."

MAYA PLISETSKAYA, a commanding star of the Bolshoi Ballet, has moved implacably into second position in its echelon of ballerinas. A long-legged Russian beauty with deep, big eyes, she flies on stage with speed and fury, sometimes with rousing split jumps, or flinging arabesques as though they were violets. Far less delicate in flight than Galina Ulanova, the company's prima ballerina, Madame Plisetskaya is famous particularly for her stretched body line, head thrown back, one foot on points, one leg in a high, great arc. Perhaps no dancer has more control of her arms, used with the suppleness of a Hindu dancer. What she does not have control of is her shoulder-length hair. Fresh from her wild performance of the boring "Walpurgis Night," she arrived at the studio for the photograph on the opposite page with her hair in a mild mess. Helplessly she sat in front of the mirror, miming discouragement. At that point, a Vogue editor offered, in less fluid miming, to fix the limp hair. After the hair had been brushed and combed into a tight chignon, Maya Plisetskaya smiled gratefully and walked toward the camera, saying, "Okaychik."

PENN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *continued*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The William Gibson play, *The Miracle Worker,* with Anne Bancroft giving a strong, superb performance as Annie Sullivan who broke through all the barriers in teaching Helen Keller. . . . Thirty-one-year-old Maynard Ferguson whose trumpet and band are the fresh loves at college dances, partly because he first plays direct dancing music, later inching into jazz.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "Atomic Balm," used on injured football players. . . . The number of people who are seeing America thoroughly by bus, some of them carrying those four-foot-long accordion-folded tickets that mean they can stop over anywhere. . . . Howard Shaw and his first novel, *The Crime of Giovanni Venturi,* gentle, light, resting comfortably between reality and fantasy but with a certain scholarly touch. . . . In London, the play, *The Aspern Papers,* in which the Henry James characters are dramatized by Sir Michael Redgrave who also plays the lead, gives an extraordinary chance to two great actresses, Flora Robson, timid, flushed with middle-aged first love, and to Beatrix Lehmann as a querulous, brilliant-minded, shrewd bargainer, one hundred years old, her face a white skull, her eyes, deep-socketed, shining as though painted with phosphorescence, her one great cry of anguish a true chiller.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In London, the French movie, *Maigret Sets a Trap,* with Jean Gabin, fat, solid, amusing, and curiously bewildered in this murder story, needing several dead young girls. . . . Two good cookbooks, one, *Cook, My Darling Daughter* by Mildred Knopf who concentrates upon the why as well as the how, gives such marital advice as the fish and game a man brings home from a quest should be eaten at home, not given to friends; the second book, *The Classic French Cuisine* by Joseph Donon, who concentrates on the recipes and not on the home life of the cook beyond caring that the food is beautifully prepared.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The sign on a furniture shop: "Americana for Americans." . . . The Jessamyn West book, *Love Is Not What You Think,* in which she explains: " 'Falling in love,' unlike loving, does not know disappointment or defeat. 'Being in love' is not love lived out. Nothing is yet put to trial. Women 'in love' are summer soldiers. Where will they be when the snow flies?" . . . *Power Among Men,* the first long film produced under the banner of the United Nations, with its point something that everyone knows but few bother to keep remembering: man's amazing ability to build, destroy, and rebuild, superbly photographed and documented, along with ominous views of the ruins of civilizations that chose not to survive.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The melting, luscious voice of Gloria Lane when she sang Carmen in Rome. . . . The new name for the better science fiction books, now called speculative novels. . . . The handsome enamels in the show at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts. . . . The effectiveness of the television dramatization of *What Makes Sammy Run?* in which Larry Blyden as Sammy had the right nervous jizm for the quick, slitting climb. . . . The gag contest between two jazz places, reported in the amusing George Crater *Downbeat* column, "Out of My Head"; one night place suggested "An Evening of Dear John Letters" while the other offered a band leader lecturing on "Smiling at Prom Kids—an Art?"

INGRID BERGMAN, a fresh and remarkable beauty with a voice like down, an ingenuous smile, a lovely sense of joy, and a stolid stubbornness about leading her own private life, has been among the most reluctant stars to go on television. Now, she has just starred in *The Turn of the Screw,* adapted by James Costigan from the terrifying Henry James story. (Her movies, however, are frequently on television—*Spellbound, The Bells of St. Mary's.*) When in 1936 she made her first Hollywood film, *Intermezzo,* her beauty was blooming, wholesome, and, in truth, rather square. Since then, her beauty has become stronger, more vital as she grows older. Part of the boredom in some of her movies lies in her habit of withdrawing even in front of the camera. She becomes, then, remote as though her emotional life were fainting. Part of the charm, however, of some of her films, especially *Indiscreet,* lies in the gaiety of her comic technique, in the apparent hesitation on the shore of sex, although she usually succumbs with extraordinary grace.

HORST



EYEWITNESS IN THE STUDIO

The unexpected view, the revelatory small gesture, the artist's private art admirations, these are among the photographs by Alexander Liberman in his new one-man exhibition. "The Artist in His Studio," at New York's Museum of Modern Art until January 10. Like a photographic Vasari, the sixteenth-century biographer of the great Italian artists, Liberman has documented the working habits of some thirty artists of the School of Paris, added the bones, the flourishes, the happy domesticity, the squalor and the delights, the brushes, the palette, the fruit and the stones. For some twelve years he visited the studios of these living masters on intervals away from his desk as art director of Condé Nast Publications. Liberman is himself a painter whose work has been exhibited at New York's Guggenheim Museum; a profound, readable writer on art whose articles have been in Vogue, he is now preparing a book of essays and photographs, of which the hundred and fifty in colour and black and white at the Museum will be an important part. (Starting in February, the exhibition will tour museums across the country.) The virtue of these photographs lies in their simplicity, directness, penetration into the minds of his subjects; photographer and artists all were inquisitive, searching, and, with each other, comfortable.

Picasso giving a lesson on art to his small son



Several years ago when Liberman visited at Vallauris, Picasso lay on his bed, explaining to his son, Pablo, what to look for in a painting. With quick wizardry, he sketched the cast of characters in the Louvre's Manet, "Déjeuner sur l'herbe," shown at the left. This, incidentally, marked at least the third performance in art history for that cast; almost a century before, Manet had met those characters in Giorgione's "Concert Champêtre."

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN





EYEWITNESS IN THE STUDIO *continued*

The great Braque's private art admirations

Here, in this Liberman photograph are some of the pleasures of Georges Braque's extraordinary eyes. He keeps these special joys behind a door seldom opened to visitors, a door that leads from his big studio to his small sculpture studio. Practically no one would expect that the co-founder of Cubism would keep in daily view two black and white enlargements of two Corot portraits (far left); six flower prints, with, below them, a reproduction of a Renoir nude. At the far right, a colour reproduction of the Van Gogh "Sunflowers" and a surprising photograph of a detail from the St. John fresco, painted in 1353 by Matteo da Viterbo on a wall in the Palace of the Popes at Avignon. The white Fang mask from the Belgian Congo hangs over a beautiful confusion of expected African sculpture, two Braque painted fish sculptures, some pottery bowls and pitchers, a guitar, and, beneath the Van Gogh, an African harp. At the right, one of the most recent Braque portraits.



Coats— for immediate occupancy



Shapes with new volume

Here in good time: four coats ready to move into for the winter—all individualists, all news. Two here; two follow. *Left:* A belted coat with huge collar, in brown wool tweed. By Ben-Gershel, of Lesur fabric; about $215. Laguna necklace; Lucille handbag. All, Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, also: Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus. Hat: Sally Victor. *Right:* Wide-angle coat with low sleeves, pleated back, of gold-rust wool tweed. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan; Rodier fabric. Grandoe gloves. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Coat: Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Hat: Irene of New York. Newton Elkin shoes.

SANTE FORLANO

Coats—for immediate occupancy

Town coats—waists closing in

Left: Town coat of black wool with Persian lamb collar, a boulevardier kind of shaping, a string belt that mentions a waist. (The subject of waists, frequently brought up by coats now.) By Jablow, in fabric by Dumas-Maury. About $265 at Bonwit Teller; Wm. H. Block; Sakowitz. Handbag: Lucille. *Right:* Un-rugged individualist—a citified coat in grey-and-black wool tweed with deep square collar, full skirt, more waistedness. By Ben Zuckerman, of French wool; at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field. Both pages: fur chéchias by Irene of New York; shoes by Andrew Geller.

SANTE FORLANO

Italian coats with international fashion manners



Vervey, exciting, with a fine sense of the grand gesture, Italian fashion this year—along with the French and American Collections—dramatized coats. Here, four examples. *This page, left:* Simonetta's evening version of the belted brigand coat in red moire—a brilliant switch from the famous Simonetta blacks. Six inches of belt put the waist in its place; the head-on hat is by Canessa. To order in America at I. Magnin. *Right:* Fabiani's enormous dolman sleeves in soft black wool bloused with largesse over a belt that's pulled up short. To order in America at I. Magnin. *Opposite page, left:* Capucci's way with white satin—delightfully angular; like most of his coats, slashed off one-tenth of the way above dress-length. This, at I. Magnin. *Right:* Patrick de Barentzen's bold preoccupation with ruffles—they ran straight through this collection (his second ever); appear here on a tailored black-and-white tweed coat. The giant slouch hat of the same tweed is by Gilles.

WANDA GAWRONSKA

"The prettiest début party"—

for Nicole du Pont, in the Delaware country

Mr. and Mrs. du Pont, receiving with their daughter, against painted screens and candlelit flower poles.



In the tent: maypoles circled with wildflowers, two platforms for supper tables covered with pink and apricot checks. Here, in the foreground, Mrs. du Pont with Mrs. Thomas Blake (right) and Mrs. Persifor Frazer (left).

In the garden of their eighteenth-century farmhouse near Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas du Pont gave, for their daughter Nicole, one of the year's prettiest parties—anywhere. (The début party coincided with Mr. and Mrs. du Pont's twenty-second wedding anniversary.) For the evening, designer-decorator Valerian Rybar turned the garden into a Tyrolean village square and hung, on maypoles, a pink-orange tent coloured to match a certain nasturtium growing in the garden. Inside the peaches-and-creamy tent, lighted by a blaze of hurricane lamps, guests danced and ate supper served from buffets bearing Tyrolean-wreathed beer kegs. In the valley beyond, the trees and barns were in gala, shining with muffled lights. At this double celebration, Mrs. du Pont wore a nasturtium-coloured dress to match the party; the débutante, blessed with her mother's smiling, golden good looks, wore white point d'esprit, and carried a bouquet of nasturtiums and gardenias.



Outside the tent, Mrs. Eugene Carusi in a narrow, flowered dress.

ELLIOTT ERWITT



Top row (left to right): MRS. ALFRED CORNING CLARK *and her toy poodle* — MRS. AUGUSTUS G. PAINE II *and her Skye terrier* — MRS. WALTER C. TEAGLE, JR. *and her miniature poodle*

Front Row (left to right): MRS. CHARLES M. AMORY *and her golden Labrador* — MRS. THOMAS BANCROFT, JR. *and a Speyer orphan* — MRS. IGOR CASSINI *and a terrier mongrel from the Speyer Hospital*

A dozen beauties, with friends

RAWLINGS



MRS. JOSEPH A. THOMAS
and her Maltese terrier



MRS. CRAIG K. MITCHELL
and her cocker spaniel



MRS. ROBERT H. MINTON
and her Scottish terrier



MRS. FREDERICK A. MELHADO
and an orphan terrier mongrel



MRS. R. STUYVESANT PIERREPONT
and her beagle



MRS. WINSLOW M. LOVEJOY, JR.
and Speyer orphans

Twelve smart women seated behind the dogs—some smart dogs, some not so smart—they love and work for. These women, with their chairman, Mrs. Augustus G. Paine II, arranged this year's annual benefit, at the St. Regis Roof on November 5, for the Speyer Hospital for Animals Mobile Unit. Staffed by a veterinarian, the Unit treats pets, free of charge, and teaches small owners how to keep them treated. Here, members of the Ball committee are shown with their own dogs or with orphans, temporary wards of the forty-five-year-old Speyer Hospital.

Off-stage make-up learned from the theatre

What's needed for a marvellous off-stage make-up is enough dazzle for peak effects and enough discretion to rouse quiet—perhaps merely subconscious—approval from the most querulous masculine eye. While the tricks of stage make-up have been known to actresses for generations, it was the advent of the movies, and especially the movie close-up, that made them everybody's business; they became subtler, gentler, suitable to the close-ups of off-stage life. And while black and white movies set off such successes as the dewy eye, the Jean Harlow mouth, and the Dietrich eyebrow, the blaze of colour movies and colour TV—with their new demands for the real-life look—have whizzed make-up techniques and the actual composition of make-up light-years farther along. . . . Now any woman who puts her mind to it can have the impeccable, better-than-natural look of the movie close-up. Greatest of the dazzlers learned from the theatre is the use of eye make-up to enhance and clarify not just eyes, but the entire face, and at least one famous make-up man attributes this to the rage for big-eyed beauties of the Elizabeth Taylor school, who openly but carefully improve on nature.

Eye techniques from the theatre: It's considered right, now, to tickle the lower lashes with mascara; it's even right to use a line beneath the lower lash as well as on the lid. If these lines are drawn slightly away from the lash-line, the intervening space can be filled in with white to make eyes look huge. A white make-up pencil (or white shadow on a brush) can be run evenly along inside the rim of the lower lid, *above* the lash; by increasing the eye's white this too makes for hugeness. . . . To get more punch from a black line drawn into the roots of the upper lash, add above it a broader line of brown or grey, then shadow above that. Never extend the black line far beyond the end of the eye unless you paint a fairly dark shadow above it. For rather generous, well-shaped eyelids—if you have them—this plan: a vivid unnatural eye shadow near the lashes, a soft wash of grey, brown, or pale lavender above the lid, drawn out to the sides. If you have deep-set eyes: eye shadow from the crease of the lid up towards the eyebrow; pale, even silvery shadow on the lid itself; this brings out recessed eyes. To make eyelids look round, big, dewy, there's nothing better than a vertical daub of pale or white shadow placed at the centre of the lids. Do this before powdering, which should be the final step in eye-shadowing. . . . The charms of false eyelashes, one of the recent theatrical joys to flutter into real life, are not to be underestimated; however, they do require patience. At the shopping stage, check to be sure that the eyelashes are made of natural hair, that the base is fine. Max Factor, as a result of long experience with theatrical make-up, has especially good ones. When it comes to sticking them on, it is important to start from the outer corner, to work towards the nose, ending the lash not more than three-fourths of the way in. Naturally, before you even uncork the adhesive, you should have a try-on session, holding the lashes up, checking for size, trimming them raggedly with nail scissors, always keeping in mind the fact that the fake lashes should be thickest where real lashes are thickest. Once you've mastered the false-lash trick, there's this further professional touch: take an orange stick and, working from above, gently squeeze the two lashes (fake and real) together.

Lipstick techniques from the theatre: Any woman who has watched a stage beauty paint on her mouth knows the value of a lipstick brush; however, women who flatly can not learn to use a brush may, with profit, take up the lip-liner, choosing a colour slightly darker than the lipstick it's used with. The lipstick goes on first. Then the liner comes into play, picking up creaminess from the lipstick; the point is to draw a clean outline around the mouth, deepening the corners. The advantages are a definite look, increased roundness, and greatly increased "projection." . . . If a lipstick happens to be ravishing but rather dry, a drop or *(Continued on page 182)*

Dazzle make-up with discretion

After six, few women can or should resist the urge to put on a fabulous face—example, right, with these points to note: translucence, clarity, unwavering lines, and, most important of all, peak expression. Gone forever is the flawless mask idea of make-up. Here in force: the idea that character should be emphasized, not blocked out by paint.
The secret system in this case depends on an ivory foundation, non-chromatic powder, muted eye shadow, and a Shimmering Rose lipstick, all by the resourceful Max Factor team who originally produced make-up for the theatre, now produce it for everyone.
(More about this on page 180.)
The toy hat, the red satin evening coat, and the cut crystal beads of deep-sea green are all by Dior.
Make-up at Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott; D. H. Holmes.





Evening—news in short-form elegance

Left: Neither long nor bare, and still one of the season's peak dazzlers—Cardin blousing raised to black-tie pitch. Cut taupe velvet with a kind of bas relief of leaves and roses, a single velvety rose at the waist. The look—flowered but not flowery; to wear—as it was worn in Paris—with the further dazzle of taupe-y beads, diamond pendants, a frankly romancey make-up. (To this end, *this* Paris original might apply: Stendhal's new lipstick called, simply, Romantic.) The diamond earrings, from Van Cleef & Arpels. *Right:* Chinchilla evening jacket, shortish, wearing its luxe like a shrug—no buttons, sleeves crushed above the elbows, a pillowy little flip of collar. By Stone & Stone, of horizontally worked Empress chinchilla. This, at Macy's; Jenny's; Frost Bros.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



HORST





LEOMBRUNO-BODI

Evening—news in long-form elegance

The nothing-quite-like-it prettiness on these pages: the reviving look of a woman in a long evening dress. *Directly left:* Pink satin radiating a glow of pearl and crystal beads across the top; after that, nothing but a memorable satin figure—carved waistline, a satin skirt with a dance-all-night amount of whoosh at the hem. By Harvey Berin, of silk satin; about $185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. *Above left:* Lanvin Castillo's white silk ball dress with golden embroidery taking the in-and-out curves nearly to the floor. The long white gloves, the glittery tiara—heightening the effect of almost Graustarkian charm. Reproduced by Nanty: Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. *Above right:* Dress pre-destined for a woman with a beautiful back—black velvet; a brilliance of blue satin skirt; and where the décolletage closes, a huge white satin rose. Original, by Lanvin Castillo. Reproduced by Nanty. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

HORST

The excitement of bourbon browns



Brown with an extra measure of sparkle—especially beguiling on honeyed blondes and not-quite-raven brunettes with brown or red lights in their hair. Dress and jacket, left, to key into the day-in-town coat life; the dress is short-sleeved with a boat neck that might settle nicely on a sea of pearls. By Jerry Parnis, of grainy silk; about $100.



Bourbon brown silk dress with an easy affinity for fur touches—hat and muffler here—or a consequential coat. A smidge of peplum smooths the knife-pleated skirt, and the sleeves—also smidgin—are belled. By Jerry Parnis, about $80. *Both dresses at Lord & Taylor; Wm. H. Block; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Roos-Atkins.*



The great fur gain

Fashion impact: this is what fur has gained this year—and a new, more realistic way of getting about in a woman's clothes-life. *Left:* Brown seal with a striking gain in the day, late-day, little evening stakes—a vast softness of mink-flattery for a collar. By B. Weinstein, of Matara-processed Alaska fur seal; collar of "Lutetia," Emba natural gunmetal mutation mink. *Right:* Horizontally-worked mink with a shapely little bolster of collar, a narrowness that's new—and high—on the list of mink-fascinations. By Femina Furs, of Great Lakes North American natural ranch mink. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. Hats, these two pages: Christian Dior-New York. Gold and diamond jewels: S. G. Barnett.

FRANCES MC LAUGHLIN-GILL



The great fur gain

Right: Lots of mink—belted, bloused (this easy new tailoring, a kind of fur-equivalent of *joie de vivre).* Brigand coat of "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mutation mink. Designed by Emeric Partos. This, and the velvet-banded bubble hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Jewels, from Van Cleef & Arpels.
Left: Black Persian lamb with a notable gain of youngness. The cut here, casual as cloth—big notched collar, bone buttons, Chesterfield shape. Of black-dyed Southwest African broadtail Persian lamb. At Gunther Jaeckel. Hat by Sally Victor.

FRANCES MC LAUGHLIN-GILL





Lingerie currents— new drifts of colour

The name of the quiet revolution on these two pages is Agilon: a new nylon yarn that means—in terms of lingerie-gains—greater opacity, a fluid non-clingy way of draping, and a fresh brilliance of colour. The Vionnet-rippled nightdress at left, about $30; the blue float of peignoir, about $40. Both, by Rogers in tricot of Milliken's "Agilon" yarn, made of Chemstrand nylon. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. The rose-window background: a series of extraordinary murals, painted by Frederico Pallavicini for Lord & Taylor's new Washington shop.

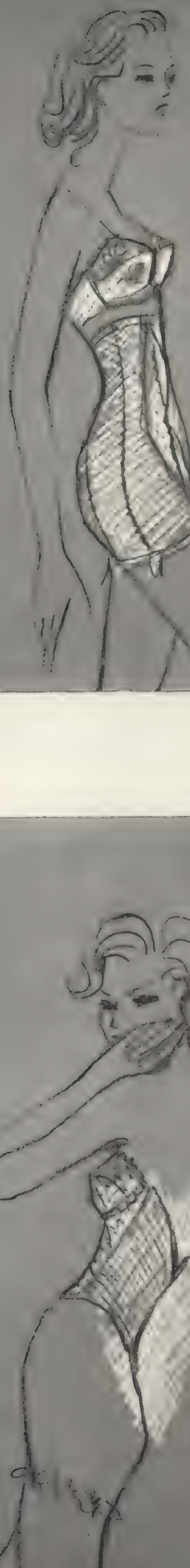




Lingerie—new guess-what fabric

The news here—lingerie with the luxuriousness of satin, plus all the ingratiating drip-dry attributes. How it's done: a new fabric, Satin de Lys, that combines nylon, Dacron, and silk in that order, comes up with an entrancingly fine, smooth texture. *Above, left:* Dress-length nightdress, ivory rose, with lace; a sprinkle of embroidery. By Barbizon, in their new Satin de Lys. About $11. Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr. *Above, right:* Sleek-lined, satiny slip that couldn't be simpler to care for—in ivory Satin de Lys (Barbizon fabric), with a deep yoke and even deeper hem of ivory Ban-Lon lace. Slip, by Fischer; about $18 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. **Sandra Church,** *facing page,* plays the title rôle in the refulgent hit, *Gypsy.* Chestnut-haired, green-eyed, she was described in this magazine when the show opened, as "sweet as a lily of the valley." Here, Miss Church wears a nightdress in ivory Satin de Lys, with a lined bodice, deep edgings and inserts of lace, a flutter of bows. By Iris, in Barbizon fabric; about $30. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

WILLIAM BELL



1

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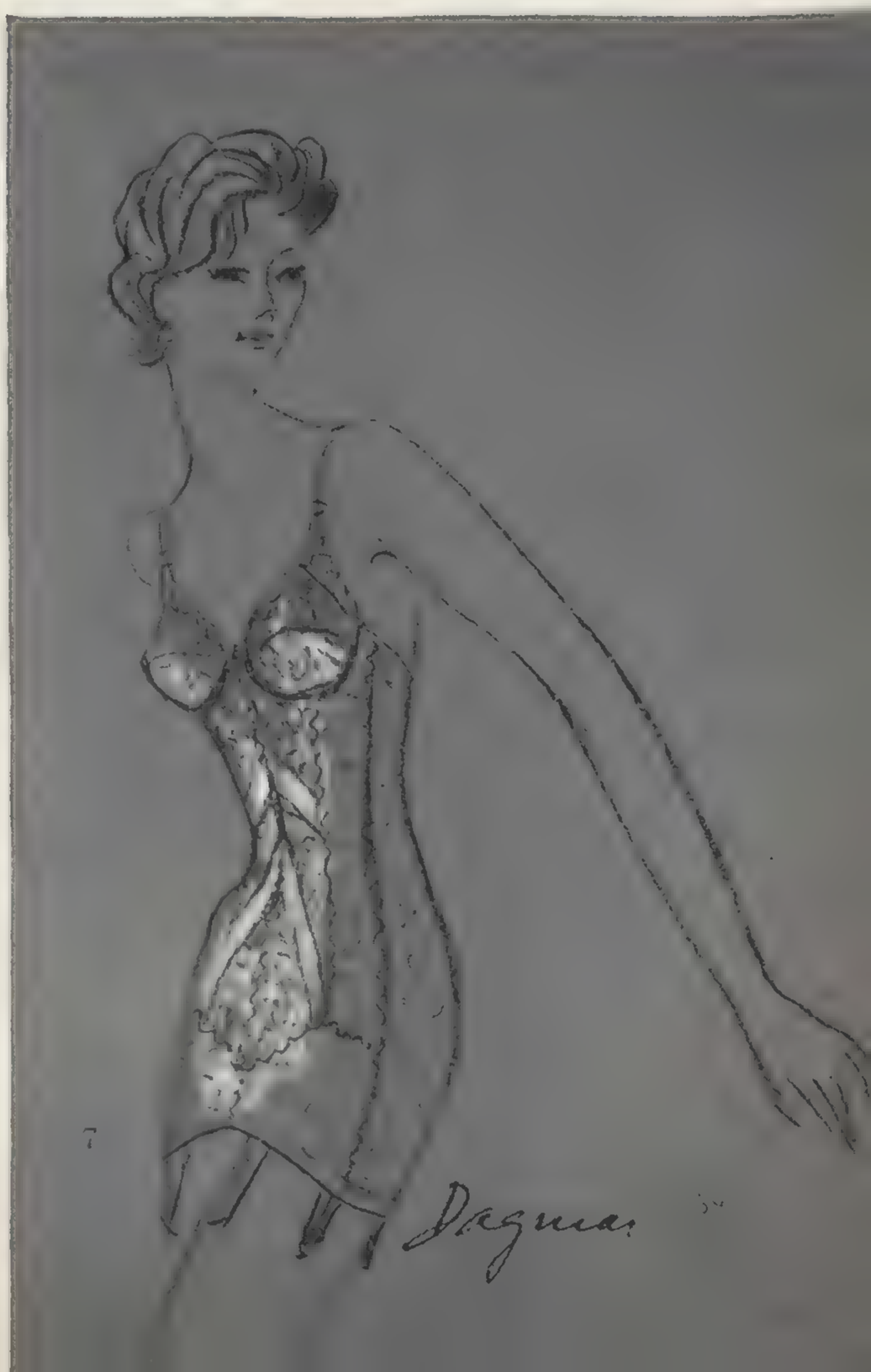

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7 shapes smoothing the way for fashion

One good way to make fashion out of clothes: have a good figure underneath them. Here, some expert new helpers. 1. Dedicated to a pretty rounding and lifting of the bosom—a brassière of white satin, silk-faced, rayon-backed, plus ivory rose nylon lace; velvet straps. $8. High-waisted girdle that shapes and firms midriff, hips; white nylon bobbinette, lightly boned. $32.50. Both, by Lily of France; Saks Fifth Avenue. 2. Perfect groundwork for full-skirted evening dresses, a brassière that also moulds the midriff, plunges deeply at front, back. White nylon lace and leno elastic; convertible up-or-down straps. By Exquisite Form; $10. Gimbels. 3. Ingeniously constructed brassière of white nylon lace with wide-set, elasticized straps; these can be pulled down and hooked to girdle at back. By Bali; about $7. High, midriff-shaping girdle of white nylon elastic, nylon satin, and lace, with a whiff of boning; side zippering. By Tru Balance; about $22.50. Both at Altman's. Girdle, also at L. S. Ayres. 4. Almost everything about this brassière is adjustable—it's fastened under the bosom with bands of Velcro, the marvellous "bur" closing. White nylon lace and nylon leno elastic; $6. High-rising girdle, slightly boned at the waist, expertly shaping the figure; in white nylon power net and satin, with lace. $15. Both, by Jantzen; at Bloomingdale's. 5. For evening, a strapless all-in-one that zips at back beneath a low V and gives a long, fluid line. White elasticized nylon marquisette; with lace inserts and panels. By Warner's. $29.50. Best & Co. 6. Curved, not straight, boning through the waistline accounts for the splendid shaping here. White nylon lace; back of Fabulastic (fabric of Dacron-nylon-and-acetate by Ansonia), cut rather low. By Lady Marlene. $15. Bloomingdale's. 7. To wear strapped, or not: slender all-in-one of white nylon power net, nylon lace, and elasticized satin. Adding to its authority: a bit of boning under the bosom and through the waistline. By Cordé de Parie. $22.50. At De Pinna.

JOHN STEWART



Gossipy Memo

The Olympics at Squaw Valley

The great magnet in the Sierra Nevada this winter will be, of course, the Olympic Winter Games at Squaw Valley, February 18 through 28: eleven California-blue-sky days of competition among skiers and skaters from thirty-four nations. The Squaw Valley that had, ten years ago, nothing much more than a raw-timbered lodge in a spectacular, Technicolor wilderness, seven miles back from Lake Tahoe on an often impassable road, has become, improbably and triumphantly, something else again: a twelve-million-dollar Olympic village with pastel-coloured dormitories, buildings for officials and the press, and, among other irrevocable marks of civilization, an international bank. The Valley's developers blasted miles of ski runs out of the forest, hung an immense ice arena on steel girders, and commandeered the United States Navy to transform a snow meadow into a parking lot for 12,000 cars. Not the least of the wonders: a wide-open, four-lane highway now touches the Valley, forty-six miles of it in from Reno, nearly two hundred up from San Francisco.

Since the participants will train at Squaw Valley for a few days before the Games, the excitement begins before the Games do. As each country's representatives check into the Valley, their national flag will be raised; the Olympic torch arrives from Greece on opening day. Some 40,000 spectators a day will come into the Valley to watch the eight hundred players, the traditional pageantry (supervised this year by Walt Disney, an old hand at effects), and, as so much lagniappe, fireworks, in the daylight, every day. The background for all the ceremonies at the Games will be an eighty-foot tower of open steelwork and sculptured ice, emblazoned with the colours and emblems of every nation in the Olympics.

How to get a ticket and a room

A general admission ticket to the Olympic Games, covering most of the events for the eleven days, costs $60, and may be bought through travel agents. To keep prices of rooms from jumping, the Olympics housing committee has established a fair-trade policy for motels and inns near Squaw Valley—any place flying the Olympic flag will have rooms ranging from $5 to $12.50 a night, a person. More than 35,000 rooms in that range are spread within a fifty-mile radius of the Valley. To get one, write to the Housing Director, Olympic Winter Games, San Francisco.

Reno: city nearest to the Games

Reno, forty-six miles from Squaw Valley, lies on the desert in a blaze of great expectations. On the streets: ranchers' sons in Brooks Brothers suits and Stetsons; cocktail waitresses with shiny straight hair and white cotton shirts and full skirts, like University of Nevada undergraduates; everyone with a deal going, everyone speaking in that Oklahoma drawl, now the accent of the far west. Because Reno is to Las Vegas as New Haven is to Broadway, entertainers trying out new acts are the after-dark lures, drawing insomniacs from miles around, at both the Riverside Hotel and the newer Mapes. The Mapes has glittering views from its roof garden; the quieter Riverside, on the bank of the Truckee River, has over the years taken some pride in being the kind of hotel where you might leave your daughter. A few suites at the Riverside have sun decks (the winter sun warms Reno more often than Tahoe), and the dining room takes great care with both food and service. At the new Holiday Inn, every room has its own sun deck.

Good places to eat in and around Reno: Eugene's, for delicious steaks, green salads; Bundox, for Danish food; Vario's Restaurant for barbecued meats; the Alpine Village on South Virginia Street, a place where the *ambiance* is mainly Austrian. At The Christmas Tree, half-way up the Mt. Rose highway, the chef broils steaks and chops over mountain mahogany.

In Carson City, about thirty miles south of Reno, the Bonanza Inn has good food and a pleasant air of intimacy; the bonanza in its name refers, of course, to Nevada's silver strikes, in the late nineteenth century, when the Comstock lode was pouring out the silver dollars behind some noted American names—Hearst, Mackay, Flood, and half a dozen others. Virginia City, between Carson and Reno, opened up and closed down when the Comstock did; now, everyone in Virginia City tells you about his great-grandfather, who staked the original claim on the biggest mine in the lode, declared it worthless, threw down his pick and let the claim go for board money. A good place to eat in Virginia City (reservations far ahead), is Edie Palmer's Country Inn, with Mexican cooking, a dining room that was once a wine cellar.

Around Lake Tahoe: skiing, gambling, just looking on

The country around Lake Tahoe encourages two varieties of avocational mania, skiing and gambling, and the faithful of both share the mountains in uneasy camaraderie. Skiers will flock, straight through April, to a dozen good slopes, including Sugar Bowl, *(Continued on page 187)*

on Travel:

The offbeat draws: four in Europe

High peaks, their slopes slashed with trails, runs, and the means to reach them, range through Piedmont, an Italian ski country less travelled than the Dolomites. At Limone Piemonte, a pretty, spirited village in the Vermenagna Valley, there are three ski pulls, two chair lifts, and a big ski sled that carry skiers and skis to the refuges. From Nice, French Riviera skiers go by way of the Pass of Tende, a devilishly twisting road that leads through dazzling scenery to a cloud-high tunnel, four kilometres long, connecting France and Italy. Amateurs of the *mille miglia* like to rev their sports cars up the Pass, cut like a staircase into the mountain. (In summer, this relatively unknown pass is a far easier approach to Italy from France than the banked-up frontier at Ventimiglia.) In Limone Piemonte, the big, new Cita Grand Hotel, all glassy, red-and-white, Italian *moderno* on the outside, has interior panelling of shining woods and marble, inner-spring mattresses, and furniture that might have been designed by the Italian architect, Gio Ponti. In the hotel's large bar, the *prix fixe* for lunch or dinner is $1.60; there is also a red-and-blue night club for dinner and dancing. The village, looking in the summer bovine, pastoral, becomes a young, gay ski resort in winter, sounding off with the *ssss* of *espresso* machines and American juke music. Rooms at the Cita Grand: $5 a day a person, with bath, without meals.

Great tapestries in a new museum: a castle on the Loir

Looming high above the small river Loir, the château of Châteaudun houses France's great new tapestry museum. Because the walls of this castle are exceptionally free of humidity, the rooms are hung with a rare collection of Gobelin and Aubusson tapestries. Among them: the single extant set of early sixteenth-century Flemish wild-life tapestries; hunting scenes, woven in blues and beiges, of the court of Francis I; seventeenth-century tapestries, the cartoons taken from Ambroise Dubois's paintings at Fontainebleau. In a thousand years, Châteaudun has changed hands only once, in 1398, when it passed from the family of Thibaut le Tricheur (the Cheat) to Louis, Duke of Orleans, who, in turn, ceded it to his famous bastard son, Jean d'Orléans, better known as Dunois, commander of the armies of Charles VII and companion-in-arms of Joan of Arc. To the castle's high, round, mediaeval keep and roomy dungeon, Dunois added a Gothic chapel and a manorial Gothic wing, making Châteaudun a striking, stony document of architectural transition. In the chapel, where the French kings Henry IV and Louis XIV once heard Mass, there are fifteen superb sixteenth-century statues: the women saints, long-tressed, wasp-waisted, and draped in supple robes, with traces of polychrome still on their cheeks; Dunois, looking pensive and handsome, girded in the armour and chain mail of battle. (His heart was once buried in the chapel.) *Note:* visitors to Chartres may, by motoring only 45 kilometres south, reach Châteaudun, an easy day's outing from Paris.

Strip teases and mediaeval ruins: Luxembourg

Unpretentious and peaceful, Luxembourg's pleasures often surprise travellers. On a crag above the river, the city, picked out at night by floodlighting, takes on a mediaeval look, although many of its towers were built no more than sixty-some years ago, when the great steel and coal industries were developing. But there are still some buildings of the Middle Ages, much of the old wall, and Vianden, a great ruin of a fortress on a high peak, remains to give an extraordinary picture of the way people lived in a mediaeval castle. A few miles away, Beaufort, less preserved, has the remnants of some delightful Renaissance carvings. All around: tall, green forests—the great pride of the Luxembourger. At the old-fashioned, pseudo-Austrian Hôtel Brasseur, the bartender, Gus Topps, mixes perhaps the most professional Martini east of the Connaught Bar in London. Luxembourg night clubs, like those all over Europe, have taken violently to the strip tease.

The city of Bath: Roman stones, English order

Especially in winter, when its less subtle attractions are dormant, Bath is a city for the contemplative. Its Georgian houses and the exquisite mathematical proportions of its crescent streets look tawny, eighteenth-century, all-of-a-piece. In the city's centre are the Roman baths, their ingenious heating system still visible; the Great Bath, buried for more than a thousand years, now lies open to the sky, the stones at its columned edge worn smooth by Roman feet. Adjoining the baths is the famous Pump Room, successor to that Pump Room where Beau Nash presided. Close by, Bath Abbey has roof fan vaulting with the look of delicately-ribbed shells. A good place to stay: on a hill overlooking the city, the Lansdown Grove Hotel, where guests ride to their rooms in a murmurous hydraulic elevator. At the Hole in the Wall Restaurant, hard to find but good, the menu lists not only international specialties, but also how long the waiting time will be for each.





About these looks: they're long, they're wool, and they're made of separable units. Each, for dinner and at-home entertaining in a country setting—and the word *country*, here, can be taken loosely to mean anywhere from a woodsy house to a country-looking house that's reached by elevator in town. *Above:* Long look in brass-coloured worsted jersey—arrived at by a wrapped top, a gathered skirt. Overhand toss: a jacket of beige cotton corduroy. (All belts here, our additions—these looks need firm waists.) Blouse, about $15; skirt, about $23 (both, Sag-No-Mor jersey); jacket, about $25 (Crompton fabric). All by Cabana; at Best & Co.; Burdine's. *Right:* Subtle understatement at dinner—a three-piece suit for country evenings, of grey wool flannel, frogged in black braid. By Ellen Brooke; sleeveless top, about $26; short jacket, about $70; long skirt, about $50. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's. *Far right:* Sweater and skirt with these initial qualities—P.M., R.F.D. The sweater, black and square-necked, belted to a long grey wool flannel skirt. Sweater by Talbott, of Du Pont Orlon Cantrece; about $16. Skirt by Sloat; about $23. Black leather belt. All at Bonwit Teller. Skirt and sweater, also at Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's. Shoes by I. Miller. Background, both pages: Herman Miller furniture.

For country dining— new long looks



VOGUE, NOVEMBER 1, 1959

KAREN RADKAI

VOGUE PATTERNS



BLOUSE: VOGUE PATTERN 9857
SKIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 9837

Tops for every-other evenings

Tops in the evening category —these slivery blouses with something like nonstop fashion usefulness. One is jersey, one velvet; and both would do well under suits of brocade to match; equally well extended with, say, black crêpe skirts; or, as here, with long and short evening skirts.

This page: Collarless little black jersey, its sleevelessness beginning half-way across the shoulder. Vogue Pattern 9857, in black acetate-and-nylon matte jersey by Belding Corticelli. Toe-length flare of Paisley crêpe: Vogue Pattern 9837, in yellow, red, and green silk crêpe by Gourdon. Brania necklace: Lord & Taylor.

Opposite page: Black velvet blouse with a high rounded neck and the fashion psyche that makes famous partnerships...with this chalk-white pleated skirt, for instance. Blouse, Vogue Pattern 9729 in velvet of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon by Martin. Skirt, Vogue Pattern 9336, in silk-faced rayon-backed satin by Onondaga. Velvet hat: Lord & Taylor.

Other views and yardages, page 76.

PALUMBO



BLOUSE: VOGUE PATTERN 9729
SKIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 9336



Party in a package

wrapped up and ready to glow

Three parties in a package . . . decorations developed by Vogue in tandem with Helen Cole, noted for her memorable party schemes. The "Silver and Gold Party," *above*, starts with an old symbol of hospitality on the grand scale, the pineapple, trimmed with roses, leaves, ferns, all glitter-dusted and variously composed to make centrepieces, candle bases, wall and door hangings. The other two parties, the "Cornucopia Party," *opposite*, and a "Carnation Party," come equipped with smashing centrepieces, place mats and napkins, place cards, and nosegay-favours. Among the practicalities of all three packages: they might go to work at Thanksgiving and see duty right up to and through that gala that ends sometime around the first dawn of next year. Party details and menus to go with the décor follow on page 169. To find these holiday hostess-savers, try Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin, and the other stores listed on page 169.

RUTLEDGE

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING

PPG manufactures the fiber glass yarn—not the fabric. Photo: William Helburn

Now, Ceil Chapman and Covington Fabrics, inspired by the fabulous versatility of new PPG Fiber Glass, bring you drapery fabrics selected with the same flair as the fashions you wear!



See the beautiful collections of fiber glass drapery fabrics handpicked by Ceil Chapman at Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; A. Harris, Dallas; Rich's, Inc., Knoxville; Goldblatt Bros., Chicago; Maison Blanche, New Orleans—and at other fine department stores and drapery shops. Or ask your decorator to show them to you.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY, Fiber Glass Division, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Party in a package ... three for the holidays

Wrapped up and ready to glow in houses where "Stop by during the holidays" follows close on the heels of "Where have you been all year?": the sizzle that helps set the party's mood.

THE "SILVER AND GOLD PARTY" shown on page 166 could turn even an impromptu late supper of scrambled eggs, toast, and coffee into a gala of considered elegance. Shown here in Vogue's version, with vermeil from Tiffany and a Swiss organdie cloth from Léron: a centrepiece tree of silver-and-gold-dusted roses, strung together with moss green velvet ribbon ($22.50). The pineapple in a golden urn with ferns, leaves, roses could, on another table, as well be a centrepiece ($14). More golden ideas, not all to be put to work in one house: herald the party's motif at the front door with a stunning pineapple door piece (*not shown*), ($12)—or carry the theme throughout the rooms with wall hangings, swags for mantels and table skirts, candle bases and circlets, small glittering pineapples, the latter just $3. For the party, perhaps a menu like this:

BAY SCALLOPS AND CRAB LUMP NEWBURG
in a rice ring
BROILED BABY TURKEY
PINK APPLESAUCE
with grated fresh horse-radish
SAUTÉED ZUCCHINI
Rye Melba toast
CHICORY AND ROMAINE SALAD
with French dressing
REBLOCHON CHEESE
with crackers
SHREDDED FRESH PINEAPPLE WITH KIRSCH
MACAROONS

THE "CORNUCOPIA PARTY," shown on the Fashions in Living cover, has an abundance of sparkling butterflies, the versatile dazzle to brighten a Thanksgiving reunion, to mark a débutante's première or welcome the New Year. For a party with tables of four, $40 provides a brilliant centrepiece, over three dozen butterflies shaped to go around two candleholders, gold lace paper mats, dinner-size cotton napkins, each in a different party colour, place cards, six yards of wide gold ribbon, and for favours, cornucopias and butterfly bouquets. (Parties come in units of four—for each additional four guests, add $10.) Not included, of course, the carrara marble dining table, the saddle leather chairs, these from Laverne through your decorator; the champagne glasses and place card holders from Bergdorf Goodman. As a climax for such a setting, a menu along these lines:

LOBSTER BISQUE
ROAST QUAIL VERONIQUE
roasted with wine and cognac and seedless green grapes
Bread Sauce
Currant Jelly
SMALL BELGIAN CARROTS
glazed
PURÉE OF GREEN PEAS
BOSTON LETTUCE SALAD
with French dressing and strained, hard-boiled eggs
BRIE CHEESE
STRAWBERRY SOUFFLÉ

THE "CARNATION PARTY," *not illustrated*, all red and green, for parties on the near side of December 25: $32.50 commands a mammoth paper carnation centrepiece, studded with small Christmas balls, two candleholders, six yards of red velvet ribbon, shiny green holly-shaped paper place mats for four, red cotton napkins, place cards, two corsages, two boutonnières. (Each additional four place settings added to the party, $12.50 more.) A menu to go with this scenery:

COLD STRIPED BASS
poached in court bouillon
served with green sauce
CUCUMBER SALAD
thin sliced with oil and vinegar dressing
SADDLE OF LAMB
Mint Sauce
Mint Jelly
BEETS POLONAISE
minced in sour cream
BRAISED WHOLE CHESTNUTS
Hot Rolls
PLUM TART

"Party in a package" designed for Vogue by Helen Cole, at Burdine's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; The Tweed Shop, Buffalo, N. Y.; The Town Shop, Princeton, N. J.; Mrs. Greer, Middleburg, Va.; and shops listed on page 166.

Christmas presents to write for now

Time's here to tick off the Christmas list, and you might start with food, that delicious present that doesn't have to fit anything but the taste and can go to anybody who eats . . . your son's teacher or your favourite aunt, or even your husband's golf partners. Among the niceties of the food listed here and on the next pages: where it comes from (every port of the world), where you buy it (right at your desk), and who brings it (the postman, to you or another address you specify). Postage is sometimes extra, sometimes free. Whichever way, we note in each case.

Giving a bird is an old Christmas custom, too nice to let fade away. Going cheerfully along with this thought, Dutchess Farms, Salt Point, New York, have a way of bringing up their mail order turkeys to a state of peak voluptuousness. A pretty card advises the recipient of the impending arrival, and, at a specified time thereafter, the bird itself, frozen and ready for stuffing, is delivered in a transparent Cry-O-Vac bag along with a recipe booklet in a holiday carton. The hens weigh from 8 to 15 pounds; the toms, from 15 to 25; 79c per pound, plus postage. The bounty in a $50 hamper, also to be ordered from Dutchess Farms, includes a fresh frozen 12-pound turkey; a hickory-smoked 10-pound ham; a jar of 1850 Ham Sauce, made with Tamarind shallots, wine vinegar, and many spices; an Old Smokey cocktail sausage; a 5-pound slab of hickory-smoked bacon; six Rock Cornish game hens; and little jars of assorted jellies. All this postpaid within 200 miles.

A pheasant is a pleasant holiday indulgence. The Sharon Pheasant Farm, Sharon, Connecticut, raises theirs on a ranch, brings them to a timely December peak, and ships a nice frozen brace to feed seven: one large bird, a cock, for four, a smaller bird, a hen, for three, $7.50, handsomely boxed with a booklet of truly fine recipes, 35c extra (singly, the big bird, $4.25, the smaller one, $3.50); all plus postage.

Another way to give a bird could be in a can as part of a whole dinner. A French meal from pretty tins, a present to serve three, from Bloomingdale's, 59th St. and Lexington Ave., New York 22, starts with Lacroix Bouillabaisse, Marseille style, to heat for the first course, 14½ ounces, $1.35; goes on to Castel Adour Guinea Hen, boned and stuffed with goose liver and truffles, 1 pound, 14 ounces, to be served chilled and sliced on lettuce. $15.50. For the salad, artichoke bottoms with French dressing, Terroirs de France, 13 ounces, $1.35. The dessert, La Ville Petits Babas—16 little rum cakes to serve hot or cold with whipped cream, $1.45. Everything here postpaid.

Another go-together package, this one from Altman's, 361 Fifth Ave., New York 16, includes High Valley Farm Smoked Rainbow Trout, 8 ounces packed in their own juices, $1.85; General Foods Gourmet Brand Rock Cornish Game Hen, stuffed with seasoned wheat pilaf and mushrooms in a brandied sauce, two pounds serve two, $3.89; General Foods Gourmet Brand crêpes suzette, you to flambé with *(Continued on page 194)*

From $1 to $200,

over 50 food presents,

here and on the

next four pages,

all to order by mail

Food to write for: more or less $5

For people to pounce upon, some playful presents that can be handled nicely for from five to ten 50-cent pieces. A hen would be fooled by Perugina's eggs, *below left*, delicious hollow chocolate fakes with hard white sugar shells, straw-packed, six eggs to a wooden slat crate. $2.25 ppd. Charles & Co. General Foods' "Santa Snack Stack," *above left*, a 2-foot tall cylinder, holds three new cocktail bits, Party Crisp, Party Sticks, and Party Gems, and even empty would look mighty cheerful beneath a Christmas tree. $3. Vendôme. Both small and large folks should be charmed by an imported gingerbread house, *not shown*, topped with icing and assorted candies, every flake of it edible except the little man on the threshold. $5. Altman's. At Vendôme, something called a "Glass Pisa Tower" leans toward assorted antipasto and stands on a box of Carr's Biscuit Cups. $3.25. *The desk scenery here:* The writing papers, Crane's kid finish. *Top*, for a woman, foldover note paper, grey tipped with white. (Good idea to go under Christmas wraps with it—a die of her monogram.) Prettily boxed with large double sheets, $5. *Below*, letter paper, white with a grey border. Boxed with note paper and envelopes. $10. Dempsey & Carroll. On the desk, besides the kitten—a sterling silver cigarette box: Tiffany. White Limoges cup and saucer: Mayhew. Victorian stamp box from Kean Associates. Lady Sheaffer Paisley pen: Lord & Taylor.

ALL PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS NOTED. FOR SHOP ADDRESSES, SEE PAGE 76.

ST. JOHN

1192 PARK AVENUE

Food to write for: more or less $10

To disarm a tea fancier, a golden aluminum Japanese teakettle, *lower left,* atop three pink-to-red-wrapped boxes, one of Vienna tea cookies, one of Darjeeling tea, one of assorted wine jellies. $11 at Bloomingdale's. (Another food present at Bloomingdale's: a cocktail collection of cheeses, anchovies, and antipasto in a monkey-shaped business of wicker with tray, *not shown,* $10.) More wicker, this time a hamper, *above left;* in it, two crocks, one of Fromage Maison, cheddar-based with herbs, one of "Fifteen East," Roquefort-based with sauces and seasonings, the cheeses accompanied by a box of beaten biscuits, a pottery-handled Italian cheese spreader. From Maison Glass. $11.50. From the same shop, practically every kind of marron a marron buff might covet, six jars and tins of them, each differently sauced, *not shown,* $8.75 ppd.

The desk scenery here: The Eaton-made writing paper could be for him, for her, or for them. *Left,* a formal paper, pale blue, comes boxed with larger white sheets and envelopes, $5. Altman's. *Right,* Eaton's "Williamsburg Post Paper," note sheets in a wax-sealed package, reproducing the look of eighteenth-century paper. $1.25 the package. Dempsey & Carroll. On the desk, a three-inch-square sterling silver travelling alarm clock from Tiffany. Sterling silver-topped inkwell, part of a desk set: Cartier.

A.L.M.

ENGRAVED MONOGRAMS, COURTESY OF DEMPSEY & CARROLL, NOT INCLUDED IN LETTER PAPER PRICE

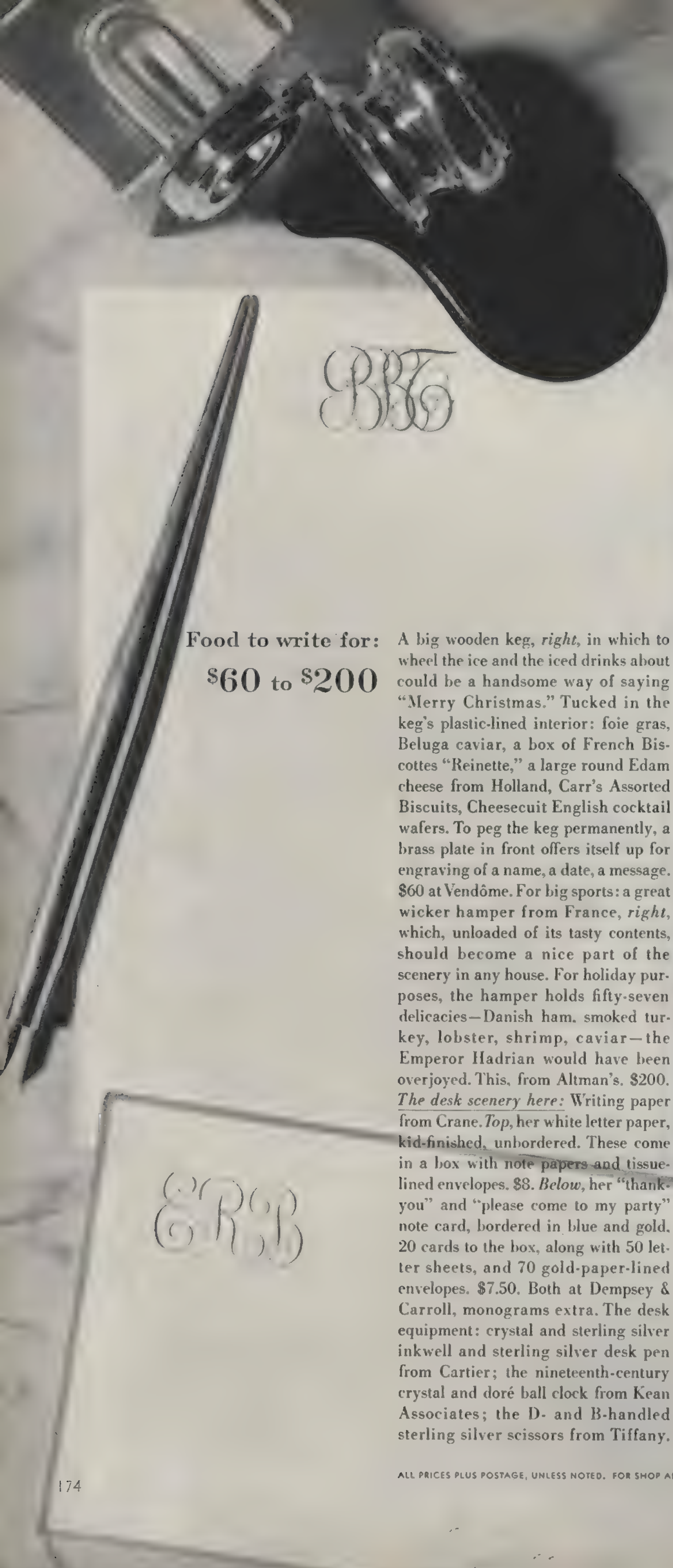
Food to write for: more or less $15

Feast for the eyes as well as the table: three tiers of packages, *below right,* done up in red marbleized and red felt papers, inside the wrappings, generous quantities of English Tiptree preserves and jellies, English water biscuits and sweet cookies, biscuits for cheese. $12.50. Bloomingdale's. A cheque for $15 mailed to Bloomingdale's could also bring, in a wicker holder, a black ironware Swedish casserole, *not shown,* filled to the brim with caviar, braised duck pâté, herring fillets, antipasto, small sardines, cheese spreads.

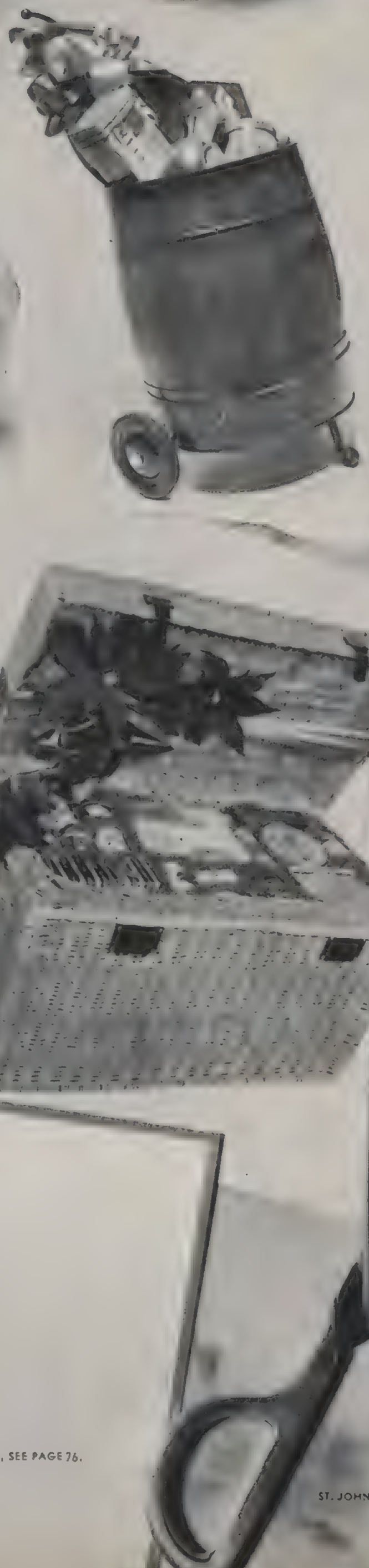
Food to write for: more or less $20

The big cheese on a Christmas list might be Edam, *above left,* on a big teakwood cheese board along with a 2-pound Danish ham and a teak-handled knife, the whole thing enclosed in Cellophane and dressed for the holidays with appropriate greenery. $17.50. Maison Glass. At Vendôme, $25 commands a copper crêpes suzette pan, *not shown,* and, Cellophane-wrapped on its silver lining, six servings of crêpes suzette, 11 ounces of Savarin au Rhum, and 6 ounces of Babarinettes with rum. *The desk scenery here:* The writing paper, a man's "Private Stock" by Eaton, warm white and as crisp as new money, might, as illustrated, be engraved with the recipient's crest. In a redwood chest box, 48 sheets, 36 envelopes, $3.50. Altman's. On this desk, Gorham's sterling silver ash tray from Black, Starr & Gorham; silver-plated magnifying glass from Bonwit Teller; black Sheaffer desk pen with 14-k. gold point from Tiffany.

ALL PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS NOTED. FOR SHOP ADDRESSES, SEE PAGE 76.







Food to write for:

$60 to $200

A big wooden keg, *right*, in which to wheel the ice and the iced drinks about could be a handsome way of saying "Merry Christmas." Tucked in the keg's plastic-lined interior: foie gras, Beluga caviar, a box of French Biscottes "Reinette," a large round Edam cheese from Holland, Carr's Assorted Biscuits, Cheesecuit English cocktail wafers. To peg the keg permanently, a brass plate in front offers itself up for engraving of a name, a date, a message. $60 at Vendôme. For big sports: a great wicker hamper from France, *right*, which, unloaded of its tasty contents, should become a nice part of the scenery in any house. For holiday purposes, the hamper holds fifty-seven delicacies—Danish ham, smoked turkey, lobster, shrimp, caviar—the Emperor Hadrian would have been overjoyed. This, from Altman's. $200.

The desk scenery here: Writing paper from Crane. *Top*, her white letter paper, kid-finished, unbordered. These come in a box with note papers and tissue-lined envelopes. $8. *Below*, her "thank-you" and "please come to my party" note card, bordered in blue and gold. 20 cards to the box, along with 50 letter sheets, and 70 gold-paper-lined envelopes. $7.50. Both at Dempsey & Carroll, monograms extra. The desk equipment: crystal and sterling silver inkwell and sterling silver desk pen from Cartier; the nineteenth-century crystal and doré ball clock from Kean Associates; the D- and B-handled sterling silver scissors from Tiffany.

ALL PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS NOTED. FOR SHOP ADDRESSES, SEE PAGE 76.

ST. JOHN

The Committee and Mr. Seru

A STORY BY SOPHIE KERR

My employer, Mrs. Elwood Tracy, had fallen and cracked both her ankles, and that was why I went on the trip to the island orphanage. Mrs. Tracy didn't trust the other members of the committee to make sense and, when I met them, I understood what she meant. The chairman, Mrs. Moraine, was a stout, pompous, gabby, out-to-dominate type. Mr. Grantly was an accountant who was going to tot up the orphanage books, which he suspected of being doctored. I was nothing but an observer for Mrs. Tracy, without a vote. The other committee member was Mr. Seru.

Mr. Seru was a medium-sized, thin man with dark brown skin and a fringe of light brown whiskers about his face like an old-time New England sea captain's. His eyes were big and dark and shiny as oilcloth. His mouth was wide and red, but he could pucker and turn it in until he seemed to have no mouth. His manner was determinedly unobtrusive, and he was very polite. I asked him if he came from the island where the orphanage was located, and he said, in a musical way, almost singing, "No. No. I am from Fiji."

I had not been Mrs. Tracy's secretary long, and I wanted to keep my job, for when you are past fifty a well-paid place is hard to find. Since her accident had occurred only two days before the boat sailed, I had to scramble to get ready and didn't get much of a briefing. She said, "See if the orphans are well-fed and decently dressed and if they have any playthings and if they're scared of their teachers. Check the kitchen equipment and talk to the cook and snoop on everything the committee says and does, but don't let them know it. Make notes. And don't let anybody push you around, Miss Benn. Be tactful but be *firm*."

The ship, which was a small, shabby, coastwise fruit boat, sailed in the morning, and the four of us were placed together in the dining room for lunch. Mrs. Moraine did all the talking, with a few words now and then from Mr. Grantly. Mr. Seru and I did all the listening. At least I got some idea of the orphanage. It had been founded by a Mr. Frentner, who had made a fortune raising pineapples on the island before America took it over; he'd set up the place and endowed it but left the running of it to his church society back in New York. It wasn't a very big orphanage—the island wasn't very big either—but the church sent a committee every year to look it over, and since the trip was paid for by the Frentner Fund, there were always people who wanted to go.

I knew some of this before I started, but Mrs. Moraine had a lot of stories about old Mr. and Mrs. Frentner; and I gathered that as long as either of them was alive, Mrs. M. couldn't manage to wangle herself a spot on the committee. I was looking forward to hearing more of this gossip, but when I came down to dinner, Mrs. M. had promoted herself to the Captain's table and Mr. Grantly had moved over to the Purser's, which left Mr. Seru and me together with our table shoved into a dark corner. Mr. Seru looked ready to cry. "We are the outcasts," he said.

"Look at it the other way round," I urged him. "We are the exclusives."

He brightened up and invited me to have a glass of sherry, and I accepted, feeling that it came under Mrs. Tracy's order to be tactful. After the sherry, Mr. Seru

(Continued on page 176)

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THE COMMITTEE AND MR. SERU

(Continued from page 175)

and I got along pretty well, except that it was hard to find subjects of conversation. I let him choose the dinner, and he was very smart about what was good and what wasn't. I asked him if he'd ever been to the island, and he said no, but he'd been to lots of other places. I told him some mild stories about my childhood in a small Maryland town; and when he learned that I had been champion jacks player of the seventh grade, he got quite excited and wanted to know all about playing jacks and lamented that I had not brought a set of jacks with me. We went into jacks playing in a really big way. He apparently thought it was a gambling game.

After dinner Mr. Seru disappeared, and I went up to the main salon and read a while. Mrs. Moraine was in a bridge game near me, but she didn't notice me. The next morning, when I was walking on deck, she stopped me. "I don't think, Miss Benn, that you should share a table with that dreadful person," she began. "He pushed himself into this trip. I urged the society not to include him, but he somehow managed it. I wouldn't mind his colour, but he's lower class in every way."

"It's only for three days," I said mildly. "I'd not like to report to Mrs. Tracy that I wouldn't sit at table with him. She might feel I hadn't behaved with proper consideration of my status, for I'm practically nobody at all—not a committee member, not a member of the society, and only a half-orphan. Actually my mother's still living."

This statement confused Mrs. Moraine. She gave me a hard look, shrugged, and went away. But at luncheon Mr. Seru was very depressed. "Mrs. Moraine does not like me. Didn't she tell you this morning not to sit at table with me?"

"I'm still here, Mr. Seru," I said.

He got up and made a low, handsome bow. "I am rebuked for my remark in a noble and kindly way. Thank you."

So I went on sharing a table with Mr. Seru, and it was for me an interesting association. He was intensely curious about my childhood, and when I told him about Halloween and May Day parties and what we did at Christmas and New Year's, he listened as if I'd come from the moon. He loved proverbs and stories of superstitions, and when I recited some of our old counting out rhymes—"Intra, Mintra," "One, Two, Buckle My Shoe"—he wrote them down on a tablet in neat, small script. He was very deft and quick with his hands, I noticed.

In spite of our pleasant relationship, he still brooded about Mrs. Moraine's slighting behaviour, and every now and then he'd say something to show it still rankled. I didn't blame him, for Mrs. Moraine went on not noticing him at all.

The day we landed, we found the orphanage had sent a car for us. But Mrs. M. said it was too small for the four of us and told the driver to take her and Mr. Grantly first and come back for Mr. Seru and me. Mr. Seru rose to the occasion. "I will hire a taxi and follow you," he said. "And if Miss Benn will ride with me, I will feel honoured."

So he hired the best-looking taxi in sight, far better than the beat-up old job from the orphanage, and off we started. He looked so upset and so angry that I said, "Think nothing of it, Mr. Seru. Maybe you've heard the old saying that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Well, he burst out laughing, the first time I'd ever heard him, a high-pitched cackle, sort of wild and eerie. "I do like that," he said. "The sssow'sss ear!" He hissed the s's like a curse.

The orphanage seemed well enough run, and the girls taking care of the children looked good-natured, and the children themselves looked healthy and not a bit put upon. They called the manager Mama Dulce, and I must say she looked and acted motherly towards them. The dormitories were comfortable, and there was a big, shady garden with a playground. The kitchen was clean as a whistle and so was the cook, a fat native type, clean and neat, and smiling as the sun. We were served a delicious lunch, and we had to sit down together. This time, there was no way Mrs. M. could dodge it. We were to stay three days and sail back on the boat we had come on, and, since

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THE COMMITTEE AND MR. SERU

(Continued from page 176)

Mr. Grantly was the only one with any real work, this left Mrs. M., Mr. Seru, and me free to do what we liked.

I asked Mr. Seru how about looking over the town a bit, and then Mrs. M. asked, or rather commanded, me to go sightseeing with her. When Mr. Seru showed up to go along, she was annoyed and showed it. I said that Mr. Seru and I had this engagement and she could accompany us if she cared to. I was pretty annoyed, too.

It was a most uncomfortable jaunt. Mrs. M. walked ahead and hardly spoke, and after I'd made a few perfunctory remarks to her and got no answers, I just chatted away with Mr. Seru and ignored her as completely as she ignored us. Mr. Seru knew a good bit about the town, and I had the impression, now and then, that he knew some of the natives too, though they didn't speak to him. But there was a sort of recognition in their eyes, I thought. And then I told myself I was imagining things.

We looked at the three old churches and went down to the pier to see the fishing boats, and then we went to the market. Everything was colourful and animated, but poverty was plain. There were some old men sitting on a bench outside the market, and Mr. Seru said, "Here, they call the sun the poor man's blanket," so I knew they were out there in the sunshine to keep their twisted old bones warm. Mrs. M. sniffed and murmured, "Pure laziness." Mr. Seru's face twisted in a grimace of hatred sharp as a knife-thrust, and I felt the antagonism between him and Mrs. M., as if they'd screamed and struck each other. It was a black thing, their feeling, and it frightened me a little.

So I said to Mr. Seru that Mrs. Tracy had wanted to know if the orphans had any toys to play with, and since I didn't think they had many, why didn't we look around and see if we couldn't buy a few for them. That set him right off. He bought rubber balls and skipping ropes and tops and Yo-yos and little dolls and baskets and whistles and funny hats until he and I couldn't carry anything more. Mrs. M. bought nothing, and though I had very little to spend, I did get some yards of bright cotton cloth and said I'd make beanbags. When we got back, Mr. Seru and I took the toys into the garden, and the children and maids rushed out, and Mr. Seru distributed the things, and he was simply wonderful. He knew just what each one would like best, and he clowned around and sang little verses and told jokes and said funny things and did some simple sleight of hand tricks, and the kids danced and screamed with joy. Mama Dulce came out and enjoyed the fun, but Mrs. M. never showed herself. The rinktum went on until it was time for the orphans' supper. When they'd gone in, Mr. Seru sat down and mopped his face, for he was bushed. "You were terrific," I told him. "You were simply *terrific*."

"Tomorrow," he said. "I will do more. I will make them swings and seesaws. I will buy them a treat of cakes and candy." He tucked his wide mouth in and sighed. Then, suddenly, he looked ugly. "Missis Sssowsss Earsss gave to the children nothing. And she said the poor old lame men by the market are lazy. I de-spise her."

"I despise her myself," I said. "But remember, she's her own worst enemy."

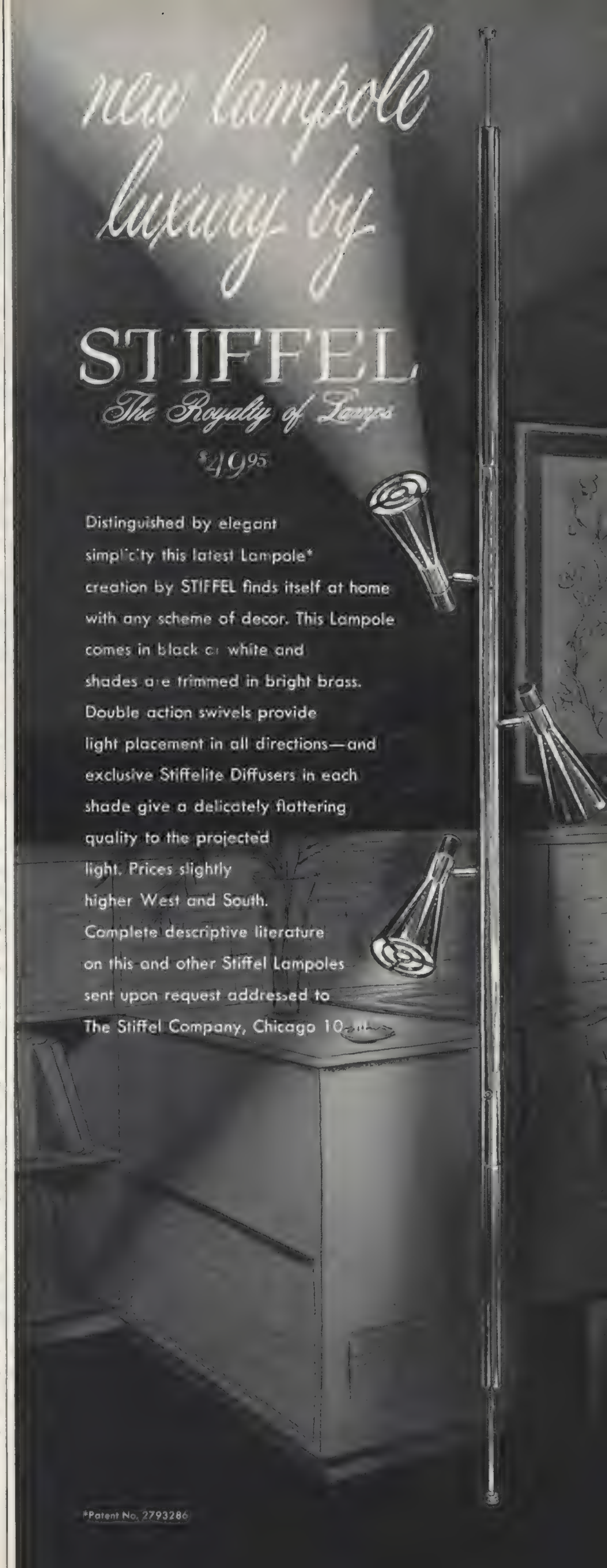
"Oh no she's not," flashed Mr. Seru. "*I am. I* am her worst enemy. Did you read in your Bible about the Pharisee who stood back and thanked God he was not as other men? I never thought he was well understood. I am a Pharisee. I thank God I am not like Mississ Sssowsss Earsss."

"Forget it," I said. "She's not worth it. Let's go get ready for supper."

But I could see that Mr. Seru did not forget it. Since we were staying in the orphanage and were obliged to meet at meals, he faced Mrs. M. across the table, and whenever he looked at her, his detestation showed in his big, shiny eyes. She didn't seem to notice. She talked constantly, always to Mama Dulce and Mr. Grantly, not waiting for them to answer. Mr. Grantly was turning out to be rather nice since he had found very little wrong in the orphanage accounts.

The next day and the day after, Mr. Seru worked on making swings and seesaws, and I stitched up and filled more than a hundred beanbags. The orphans

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THE COMMITTEE AND MR. SERU

(Continued from page 177)

flocked around, and Mr. Seru was always taking time out to romp with them. They loved it. Occasionally he'd slip off down town, but he never stayed long, so I supposed he'd merely been shopping.

On the day we sailed, he and the maids put up trestle tables in the garden for a picnic lunch for the orphans—peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, ice cream, fancy cakes, candy, and orangeade. They ate and ate until their little stomachs stuck out like balloons. Mama Dulce whispered to me that he'd given her money to buy them ice cream and cakes once a week for a year! When it was time for us to go, the children all hugged and kissed him and cried. They were a sweet lot.

Mrs. M. didn't appear at the children's jubilee, and she wouldn't ride to the boat with Mr. Seru, so he ordered a taxi. But this time Mr. Grantly got in with him, and I rode with Mrs. M. She fussed at me all the way to the pier. She said Mr. Seru was pushing and vulgar, that he'd been too free with the staff, and I'd encouraged him to spoil the orphans, and she was going to write a report to the society which would prevent anything so unsuitable from ever happening again. I said I was going to make a report to Mrs. Tracy—*in full;* and I looked her in the eye when I said it.

So when we got back on the boat, she was in an even higher dudgeon than the dudgeon she'd been in before. But Mr. Grantly was more friendly and said he was going to sit with me and Mr. Seru in the dining room, which he did; and his presence was a check to Mr. Seru's remarks against Mrs. M. When she'd sail past us in to meals, I knew Mr. Seru still hated her. And there was something in his eyes that was scary.

One day he did say something about her, and I told him that for me she was beneath contempt and he oughtn't to notice her any more; but he gave one of his strange, shrill laughs and didn't answer me. Then Mr. Grantly spoke up and said she was just another old tomato with a lot of sacks of potatoes, and he'd met many such in the course of his life as an accountant, and what was one more? Mr. Seru turned in his mouth, sort of hissing as he did it, and the hiss sounded like "sssowsss earsss." Mr. Grantly didn't get it, so that was all right.

The last night on board ship there was to be a gala—to promote bar sales, I am sure—and there would be some Calypso singing and later general dancing. We were not far from the coast by this time, and there were other boats in view. Just before I went to my cabin to dress for the gala, I said to Mr. Grantly, who was standing at the rail with me, that one little boat seemed to be following us. It had tagged right after us since early afternoon. Mr. Grantly said it was probably some rich guy whose speedboat was off course and who knew we'd lead him in. Mr. Grantly walked into the salon alongside me and said, "Understand Seru's on the program tonight. Magic tricks, Purser told me."

Our sixth-rate little ship had done what it could to make things festive. Crêpe-paper ribbons and bunches of balloons were hung around. There were pull-crackers at each plate, with little favours inside, mostly tin whistles and rattles. The bar was crowded before dinner, so there was a lot of noisy talk and laughing. Mrs. M. had on a silver sequin dress that made her look twice as fat as she was.

It was a clear, still night, the sea was quiet, the stars were out. The stage had been put in a wide door leading to the open deck, the piano had been pushed beside it, and the salon was crowded with unsteady folding chairs. So I sat on a sofa at the back. Mrs. M. swept in like a ruling sovereign and plumped herself in the middle of the front row. The performers came in from the deck outside, which was a good arrangement.

Mr. Seru looked quite the professional magician, for he had on a white suit and a long, wide, light-blue cape lined with black and a tall white turban with a blue feather. He began with simple tricks—silk squares, cards, coins—and he did them very well. Then he took off his cape, had the lights turned off, and lit four torches and juggled with them. Standing in that door, with the

(Continued on page 179)

THE COMMITTEE AND MR. SERU

(Continued from page 178)

night behind him and the torches whirling in circles and eights and bowknots, he was quite a sight. Then he had the lights put on, wrapped his cape about him, turned his back, stretched out his arms and shook them wildly so the big cape waved and billowed and snapped with energy—and from him and his billowing cape out into the darkness—in a great, high, sweeping curve—there swooped out a flight of flat figures with his own outline—a dozen or more caped men—sailing away—away—away—all colours, scarlet—white—gold—blue—they seemed to come straight from his body—and they had an iridescence in the starlight—glittering and beautiful. The audience gasped and then they shouted and clapped and clapped—and we could see the curve—or the flight—or whatever-it-was—swelling far beyond the ship's side—fading as they dropped down toward the sea. It was really something!

Mr. Seru bowed and bowed and said his next trick would be his last, and he asked a couple of men to hoist a long settee with a high, slatted back up to the stage and set it well down front. He took off his turban, drew his cape about him and dropped down behind the settee and—I suppose it sounds incredible—but *he turned into a caged tiger*—his fringe of whiskers was a tiger's furry ruff, his big red mouth stretched wide as a tiger's, his eyes had an awful tiger glare, the shadow of the slats made tiger stripes—and he ramped up and down behind the settee snarling and growling and lashing about with a tiger's tail he'd uncoiled from under his cape. I tell you the women screamed and some of them covered their faces and a few actually ran out. I heard what he was saying in his snarls—it was "Mississs Ssowsss Earsss—Mississs Sssowsss Earsss!" And it was all directed at Mrs. Moraine, who was right down there almost in his reach. He leaped and pounced and snarled and finally threw his terrible tiger muzzle and forepaws over the top of the settee—straight at her—and she yelled and fell off the chair in a dead faint.

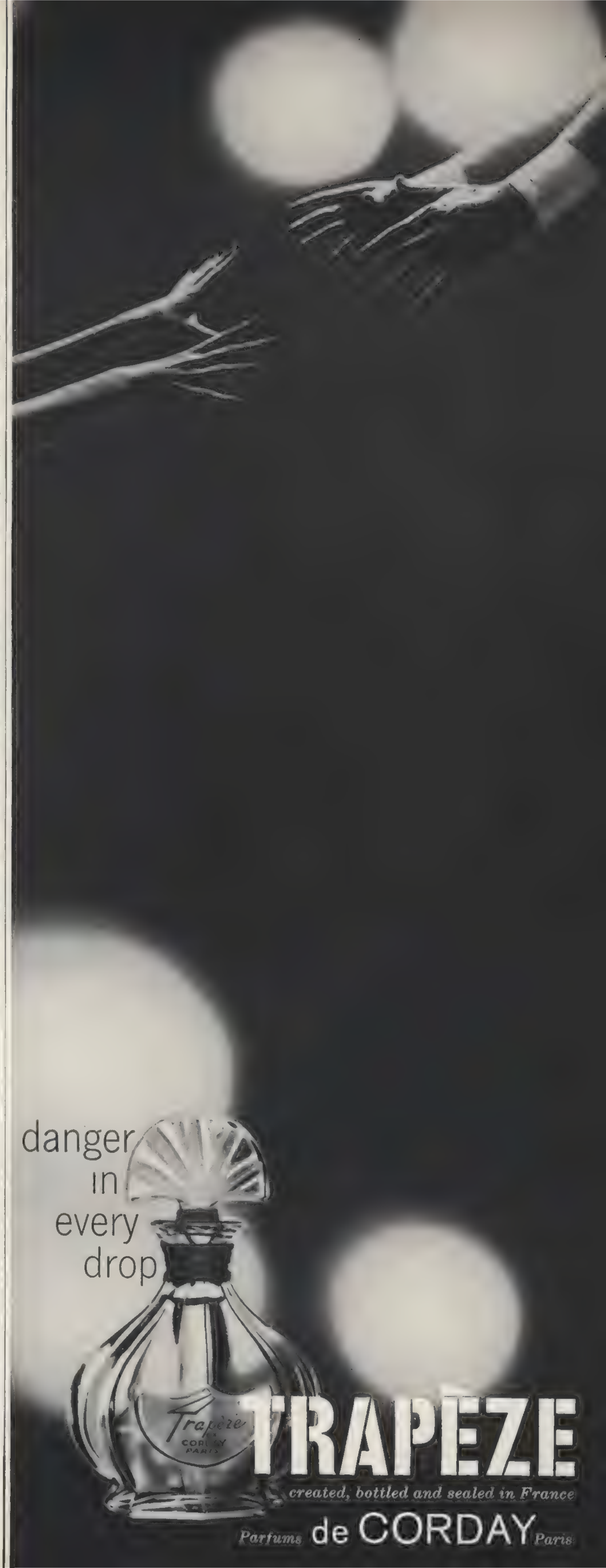
It was all over in two seconds. Mr. Seru vanished, the ordinary lights were turned on, and the pianist, with great presence of mind, struck up "The Beer Barrel Polka." The ship's doctor and some of the stewards carried off Mrs. M., still unconscious, shedding sequins all over the place. Mr. Grantly came up to me, and he was pale. "I need a drink," he said. "Don't you?"

Everybody had the same idea. The bar was jammed, but Mr. Grantly squirmed through and garnered two double Scotches. We walked out on deck. "Maybe I should go see if I can help Mrs. Moraine," I said. But I didn't stir.

Mr. Grantly gulped his drink. "I'm going for another," he said. "That was the damnedest thing I ever saw. I damn near passed out. I feel unsettled."

He loped off toward the bar, and I looked out at the sea. Far off I saw lights blinking like crazy from what might have been the speedboat that had followed us. I walked all the way aft, and back there in the dark I almost ran into Mr. Seru. He had taken off his cape and was watching the signal, his lips moving as he deciphered it. When it stopped, he turned round to me, and he was in a high mood indeed. "Good evening, my friend Miss Benn," he said in a dreamy, happy voice. "They've picked up all the stuff. And I'm even off with Mississs Ssowsss Earsss! Everything's okay!" And he laughed and laughed in his queer high way as if he couldn't stop.

I figured it out bit by bit and put it all together. There was something contraband—jewels maybe, or maybe drugs—in that flying rainbow arch of flat, caped figures—they must have been big envelopes—coated in plastic or waterproofed paper—fastened together and on some sort of light spring. The torch act, there in the door, had been the signal to the waiting small boat. He'd put on the tiger act to follow so that no one would remember or ask any questions or suspect anything. Oh, clever Mr. Seru! Clever, naughty Mr. Seru! He'd done his nefarious errand and revenged himself on Mrs. M. perfectly. Everything okay, indeed! No wonder he laughed and laughed. Whenever I think of it, I have to laugh a little too. And I didn't put a word of it into my report to Mrs. Tracy.





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America's Largest Ring House

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Make-up reprise

(Details about page 142)



Keyed to evening brilliance and red satin, this make-up involves the following specifics:
A foundation with cover-up power as well as ivory glow—Hi-Fi Fluid Make-up base in Candle Tone. Over this, no-colour translucent powder, fine-textured, good at lighting up shadows.
Eyes: a black line drawn into the roots of the upper lashes (these part real, part fake); then strengthened by Brownish Black liquid liner and mascara.
Hi-Fi Iridescent Green shadow-stick.
Lip gloss polishes the Shimmering Rose lipstick.
All cosmetics by Max Factor; at Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott; D. H. Holmes.

COMING SOON:

The great accessory change—

news to wear and to give

IN VOGUE NOVEMBER 15

All around Ulster

BY ANNE DEVESON

Ulster has a strong enough personality to use that very word. Determination, toughness, and independence are the qualities that apply. Belfast rose from the mud of a meandering shallow river, yet today has a raucous red-bricked prosperity.

There is a core of toughness in the people too. It shows in the body of an old man as he sways on the spidery thinness of the Carrick-a-Rede rope bridge, about ninety feet above the black rocks and water. And it is there in the face of a young Donaghadee fisherman, who sits pulling off his thigh-length boots in a parlour hung with pictures of the Royal Family, and pictures of lifeboats that for generations his family has helped to man.

This same streak has helped Ulster produce such fighting men as Alexander, Alanbrooke, Auchinleck, Montgomery, and Templer. In all of the six counties (a digital name, Sean O'Faolain says scornfully) you find the neat white farmsteads, generally with no more than thirty acres of land, owned by the farmer himself. The fields are small and neat too, and at harvest time, the cornstooks, blazing yellow against the burnt-brown stubble, are stacked in such precision they seem solid, like wooden beehives in formal rows.

Belfast is a product of the industrial revolution, but its ugliness is cheerful; trolleys take charge of the streets; the docks which Paul Henry has painted are splendidly alive; buildings are big and solid; women sell flowers in Donegall Square where once was the cherry orchard of Belfast Castle. There is a reassuring continuity about everything. Here, already, you are realizing that comments like "Belfast's beauty is that it can be left so quickly" sound backhanded, but are really complimentary. The city lies in a great hollow of hills, and in a matter of minutes you are clear of the noise and smoke, and looking down on the lean mill chimneys and the U-shaped blue of the Lough.

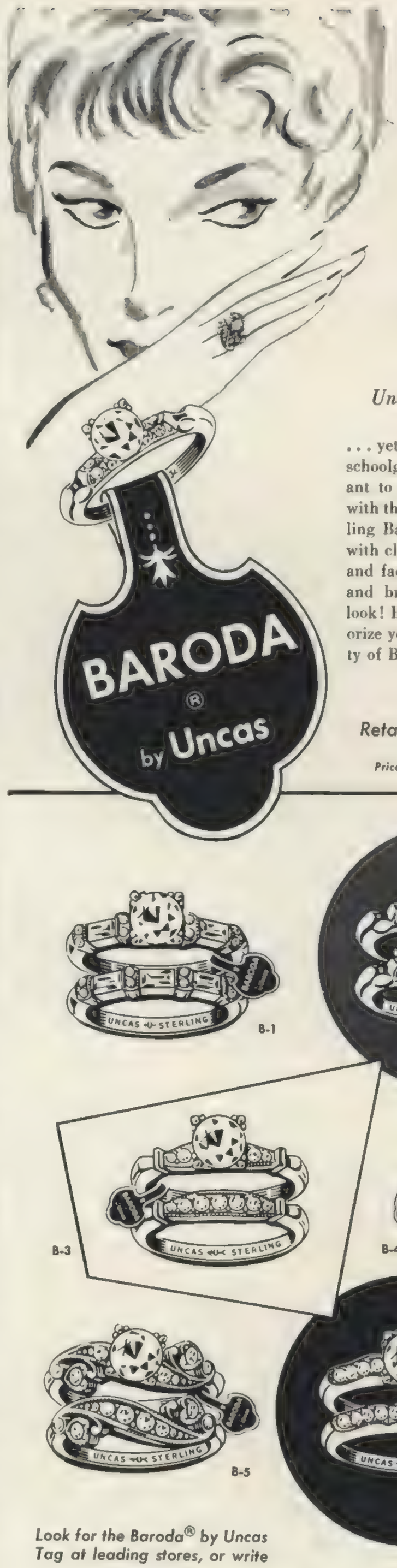
Through these hills, a road winds its way to Antrim and the shores of Lough Neagh. As in nearly all market towns in the North, the main street of Antrim is wide, like that of a Wild West town, so that you almost expect to see cowboys galloping through, and are relieved to find a horse tethered outside the bank. The town hall is stuck sturdily in the middle of the main square—again, a local feature—and everything is clean and neat. This well-scrubbed look is typical. Even the cattle have it, even the Belfast crooner, Ruby Murray, come to think of it.

Perhaps ancestry has had a say. Scottish, English, Dutch, French, and Huguenots have added their strains to the Irish, and traces of these outside influences leap at you from the countryside: dignified barn-churches with round-headed windows and tall box pews, built by Presbyterian settlers in Derry, Down, and Antrim; thatched farmsteads set in plum and apple orchards in Armagh that might have come from the home counties of England; farmers in Antrim who talk in the wire-brush dialect of the Lowland Scot; and, in Southern Tyrone and Armagh, words and phrases that belong to Elizabethan England, which have been used by scholars to help interpret Shakespeare.

But the story of Ulster is also the story of Ireland, from tales of the Red Branch Knights to those of the fighting Shane O'Neill, and there are enough beautiful legends to satisfy anyone's atavistic dreamings. At dusk in the Vale of Glenariff, an old man looks out towards the sea, and quietly tells the sad and lovely story of the children of Lir. The hills soften into the sky line; fields blur into blackness; everything is elusive, unreal, and for one moment, eternity leaps out of time, and there is neither past nor present.

There is a more tangible "Irishness" down by the shores of Lough Neagh, where fishing stories are as fat in number as the trout themselves. Not that the Lough itself is generally fished in, but the rivers that run into it are splendidly rich, particularly in "dollaghan"—lake trout peculiar to Ulster and tasting like salmon. From the end of May when the first trout start rising, fishermen

(Continued on page 182)



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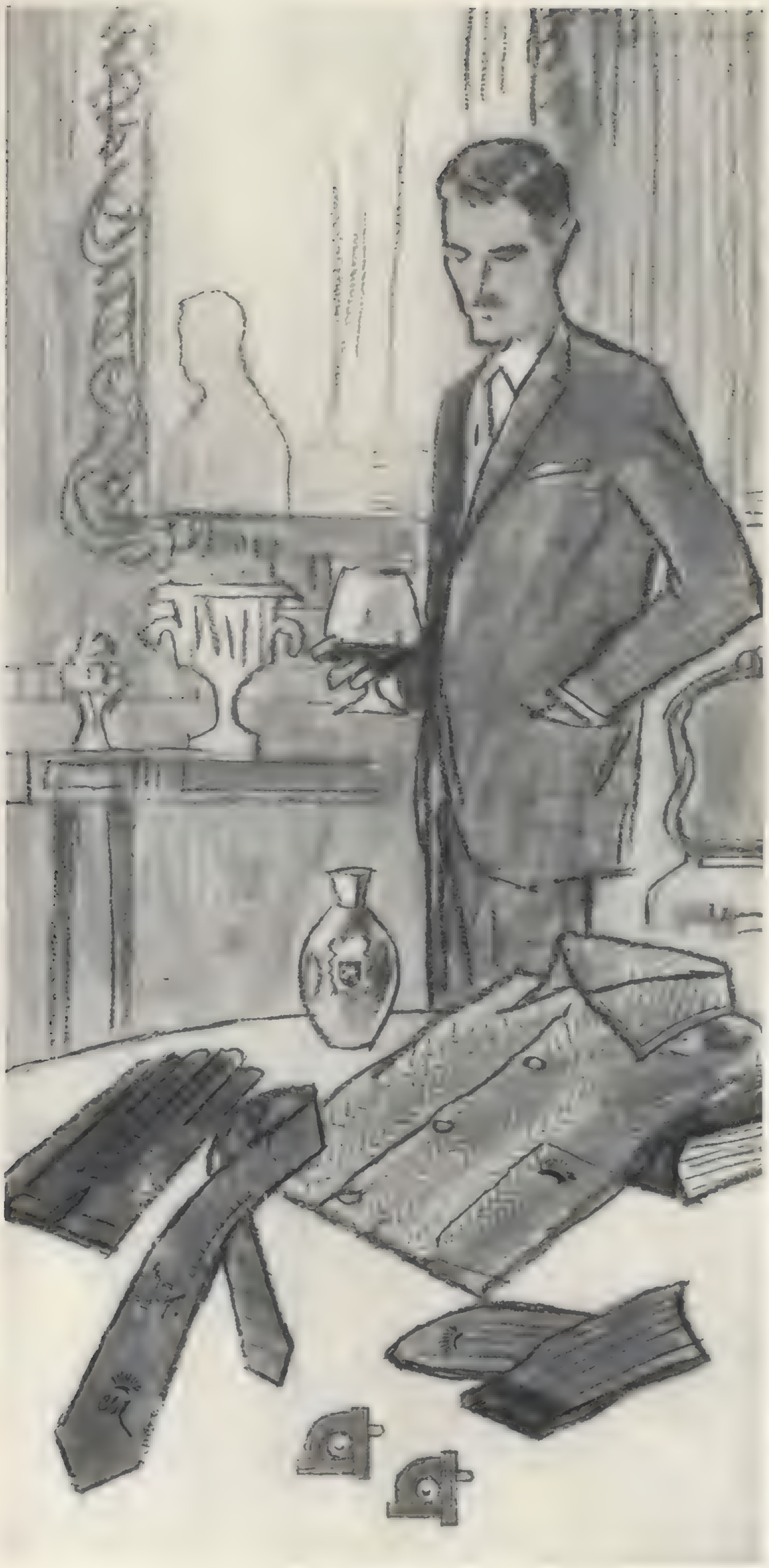
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OFF-STAGE MAKE-UP LEARNED FROM THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 142)

two of baby oil on the lipstick brush will make it smoother and easier to apply.... For a melting, shimmery look—very much the big close-up thing—a little lip gloss is the right finish; this is a specific preparation to be asked for by that name, to be used sparingly over lipstick. It can always be found where theatrical make-up is sold.... About colour: the range of lipsticks is now frankly sensational; and the colours, sensationally becoming. This means that such "difficult" shades as the oranges are now produced in so many versions that any woman can find one that's her cup of Pekoe.

Highlight techniques from the theatre: As practically every woman knows, two shades of foundation can be used for highlighting—the darker shade for diminishing; the lighter shade for emphasis. More exciting than this and appreciably more effective are the white and very pale skin-toned touch-up sticks and other preparations that came into being to counteract the super-powerful overhead lights of TV which created shadows and distortions so distressing that strong measures were needed. For non-pros the non-white tones are most successful, and two logical spots to use them are under the eyes and in the laugh lines. When the application is liberal, sweep lightly over the surface with a powder brush so that the shadow-block remains mostly in the deep creases. Have a puff ready and powder immediately with translucent powder. After that, proceed as usual with pancake or some other make-up foundation, more powder, et cetera.

Sponge techniques from the theatre: Cream or liquid rouge pats on effectively with a silk sponge wrung out in cool water; like the shadow-blocks described above, it is best applied before other make-up. Bases of the pancake variety naturally demand sponges—in this case, just short of the dripping point; and both creamy and liquid foundations look pleasantly smooth and professional if they are put on with damp sponges. When *everything* is on, use a clean sponge, moderately damp, to blend, set, and finish the maquillage.

Warning note off-stage: Practise at home and astonish the dogs, cats, and children repeatedly before you plunge into a grand make-up for a centre-stage party you're panting to go to.

ULSTER

(Continued from page 181)

seek solitude in their sport; old men with port-wine faces and bleached linen hats; serious-faced little boys; but none more stern in concentration than the small girl who stood by the side of the road, her hand outstretched. Traffic halted, but still she waited. "Are you not crossing?" called a bus driver, and the child looked up. "But I'm not *going* anywhere," she said patiently, "I'm fishing."

Salmon, sea trout, brown trout, pike, perch, and rudd; they are all there in Ulster waters, and the Ulster Tourist Board are always ready to advise. So are people on the spot, especially in the small hotels and bars where the fishing fraternity gather. We stopped at one on the south side of Lough Neagh, and in the brown-painted parlour, with its cases of stuffed fish and a wilderness of tackle in every corner, conversation was rich and lively. Outside it was sunny and we sat on a stone wall and looked out over the pale-grey flatness of the lake, as vast as an inland sea. There was the smell of marshland; silence broken only by the dabbling of wild fowl in the weeds; and, in the distance, swans spinning white lines in the water, effortless and remote.

All around Lough Neagh there is this compelling, almost frightening stillness. Lunch in Templepatrick brought us back to reality. We ate in the newly modernized Pig'n Chick'n owned by the cotton industrialist Cyril Lord, whose love of good food has ensured an excellent kitchen. Our trout were fresh and deliciously cooked; which brings me to the question of food in Northern Ireland, claimed to be as chancy as the weather.

Sophisticated tastes will probably come a cropper, but certain simple things are superb: bacon-and-egg high teas with home-baked farls, warm and fragrant in their sweetness, different kinds of jam and fresh farm butter; salmon, unashamedly broiled and glorying in its own flavour; soups that are born of the stock-

(Continued on page 183)

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ULSTER

(Continued from page 182)

pot and not the tin can. And in unpretentious-looking places such as the Abercorn Restaurant and the Windsor Café in Belfast, you will find plain but good cooking. Further north, in Ballygally, is another of Cyril Lord's ventures, the superbly comfortable Candlelight Inn in the modernized seventeenth-century Ballygally Castle.

Ballygally is on the magnificent coast road that runs from Larne to Portrush. The road soars and dips like a swallow in flight; sometimes it runs so close to the shore's edge that you can see the shrill green pattern of seaweed, and rocks like seals in the water; other times it climbs steeply and the sea lies far below, shot with serpents of light. At one moment the cliffside is blinding white and smooth; in the next, it is soft red sandstone, crumbled into curious shapes.

Contrasts are startling. I remember the peacefulness of small fields, carefully cultivated; and the wildness of Loughareema, the moorland lake that is one day full and brooding, the next mysteriously vanished. Fishing villages like Waterfoot have pink and yellow houses, dog roses in the gardens, and hedges of flaming fuchsia; but domesticity died many years ago in the ruins of Dunluce Castle, fiercely rising from their rocky headland. People satisfy their gregariousness in seaside resorts like Portrush and Ballycastle; but on lonely stretches like Torr Head there are only black-faced mountain sheep, and tracks scrambling down to deserted beaches. Strangest of all is to cross from the tangled richness of the Glens of Antrim—scoring their way in nine green lines across the valley—to the appalling symmetry of the Giant's Causeway, bare rocks thrown up in some long-forgotten volcanic eruption.

The Giant's Causeway is near the neat little town of Bushmills, which whisky connoisseurs should recognize. Nearby is Port Ballintrae, not as big as the other seaside resorts, and with a small but comfortable family hotel called the Bayview. Further along, there is good food at the Montagu Arms in Portstewart.

Portstewart hovers just at the beginning of County Londonderry, with its solid and well-planned towns. The eccentric Augustus Hervey must to some extent answer for all the cleanliness. When he was Bishop of Derry he pronounced: "I will make the County of Londonderry to look like a gentleman." He lived at Downhill (the castle is still there) and used to enjoy himself arranging steeplechases between his clergy on Saturdays and condemning gambling on Sundays.

Memories of Derry are curiously assorted; the grandeur of the Sperrin mountains with the sun flinging cavernous shadows across their slopes and crows flying petulantly overhead; salmon fishers spreading their nets along the banks of the Bann; the flat, pale loneliness of Magilligan Strand; the fact that we never *once* heard the "Londonderry Air"; and, dominating everything, the city of Londonderry itself, still encircled by walls that held at bay the armies of James II. By the bastions there are now neat gardens of lobelia and geraniums, but white plaques tell the spot where enemy prisoners were hanged, and the new, red housing estate outside the walls seems out of place and out of time, so strong is the sense of the mediaeval.

Ulster is rich in stories of Saint Patrick, from tales of his slavery, herding sheep in County Antrim, to his founding of the first church in Ireland in the village of Saul, County Down. Through all of his wanderings, Down was the County to which he always returned. The land rolls gently, and because of its smooth, rounded hills, has been called "the basket of eggs."

But away in the west corner rise the great peaks of Mourne, inky-blue thumb marks against the sky line. As the road rises, pine forests thin out into moorland; there are patches of heather and foxglove; yellow irises by the bogland; and then these too disappear and chain after chain of mountains unfold themselves. Dark shadows race from one peak to another, and down below is the faint pink line of the Irish Sea. Down below, too, is the Kilmorey Arms at Kilkeel, whose owners, the Stevensons, produce the sort of hospitality that warms you to a country. Kilkeel is a fine centre for mountaineering, walking, sea and river angling, and, of course, swimming. As everywhere else in Ulster, country clothes and strong shoes are important.

Contrasts continue in Armagh, Tyrone, and Fermanagh, but to me, Fermanagh is the loveliest of all. Upper and Lower Lough Erne (they always seem to

(Continued on page 184)



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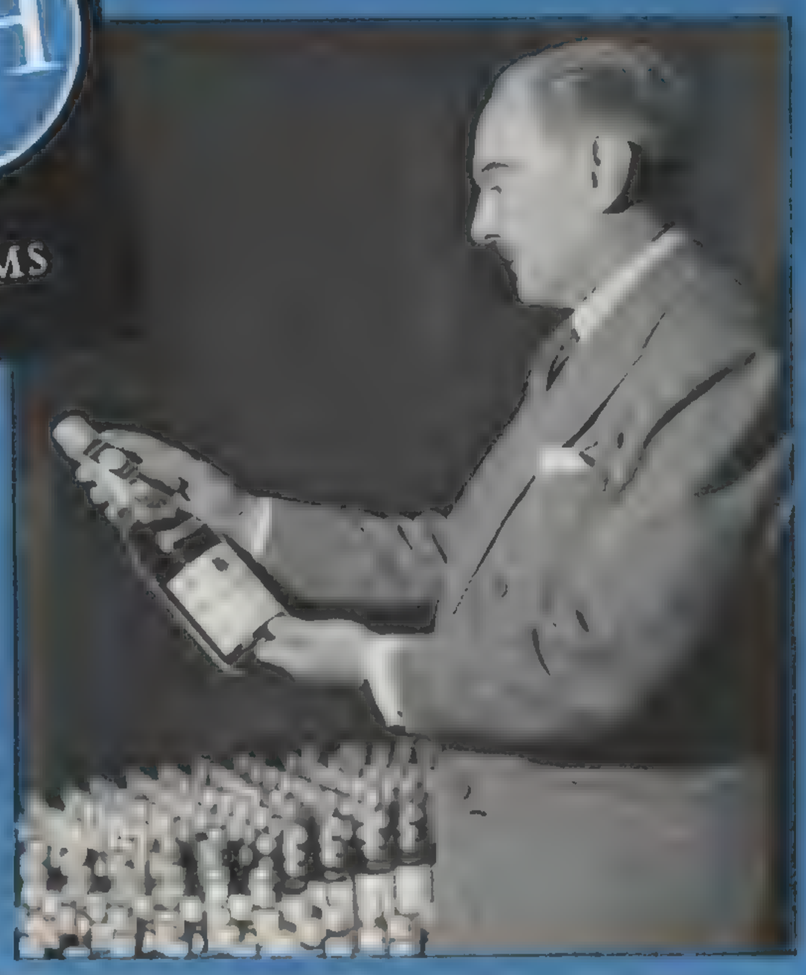
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HOW TO MAKE FASHION

(Continued from page 112)

worn with gold jewellery and a solitary flash of glitter—immense topaz earrings or a fireworks pin worn like a badge, shy of centre.

Where this joy-of-resources also excels—this fashion exemplar of ours—is in matters of luxe. Take the case of the sable fichu. Heaven to own, but worn, inevitably, by the safe-at-firsters—well, like sable. This is bad? Frankly, no. What it can be is handsome fur and almost no fashion. On the other hand, a woman we know who's been minting fashion-gold out of clothes-ore for years knots her sable fichu like a woollen muffler and plunges it into the neckline of a dashing pink shirt. It's not that she doesn't have the healthiest respect for luxury, just that a touch of informed nonchalance is wildly attractive.

As is a certain streak of adventurousness—rehearsed, always, before a full-length mirror. It's here that a woman hones her fashion-intuition to the point of most return . . . here that she's apt to discover that last year's little-nothing black dress needs a little something to give it this-year excitement. If the lone pin pinned over in left field won't do the trick any longer, perhaps these will—a pair of big not-quite-matching pins worn front and centre, like buttons; or a stacked-up choker with *lots* of beads. If the usual black-dress rules—black hat, black gloves—seem, somehow, disenchanting, could be that what's in order is a waiving of rules: canary-velvet pillbox and paler yellow gloves will look new and different, will certainly refresh the eye and are, therefore, worth a flyer.

At such a mirror, too, is where facts of proportion are sensed and curried. . . . Where a woman's most likely to learn that very thin, very high heels will toss a daytime look completely off balance; that white gloves will float a black-and-white print clear into space (and she'll reach immediately for black ones). If four strands of pearls are her limit, or if what she thought of as a pleasantly magnified Peter-Pan collar is way over her own collar-capacity—she'll find out about it at a woman-size mirror. (It's how Vogue's editor found that a delightful deep brimmy cloche simply wouldn't work with the big-collared checked coat on page 111, and decided, in an instant, that what was needed wasn't less-hat but taller-hat, and brimless.)

To say that a mirror will reveal all fashion truths in a blinding flash is obviously overstating the case. What it will do is train the eye to absorb the whole rather than the fragments of fashion—and, even more than money, an informed eye is what's wanted to turn just-clothes into the payoff-fashion they ought to be.

ULSTER

(Continued from page 183)

be names the wrong way round on the map) split it almost in two, and there are forty miles of navigable water. Boats pass by wooded islands, green to the water's edge; yachts with coloured sails race by like streamers in the wind; castle ruins, clung with ivy, are witness to the turbulent history of the Ulster Plantation; and the Round Tower on the Island of Devenish looks like a rocket that is held earth-bound to the memories of Danish invaders.

Enniskillen, capital of Fermanagh, sits peacefully on an island where the two lakes join. There is no Wild West feeling here. People move leisurely, are warm and welcoming. We stayed just outside at the Killyhevlin Hotel. It was once a country house, and its owner, Mrs. Graham, manages to make you feel you are a private guest. Bedroom windows look out over lawns and fields; there are breakfasts with bowls of fresh cream on the table; walks through wooded lanes, and the fun of exploring the house's own farmyard.

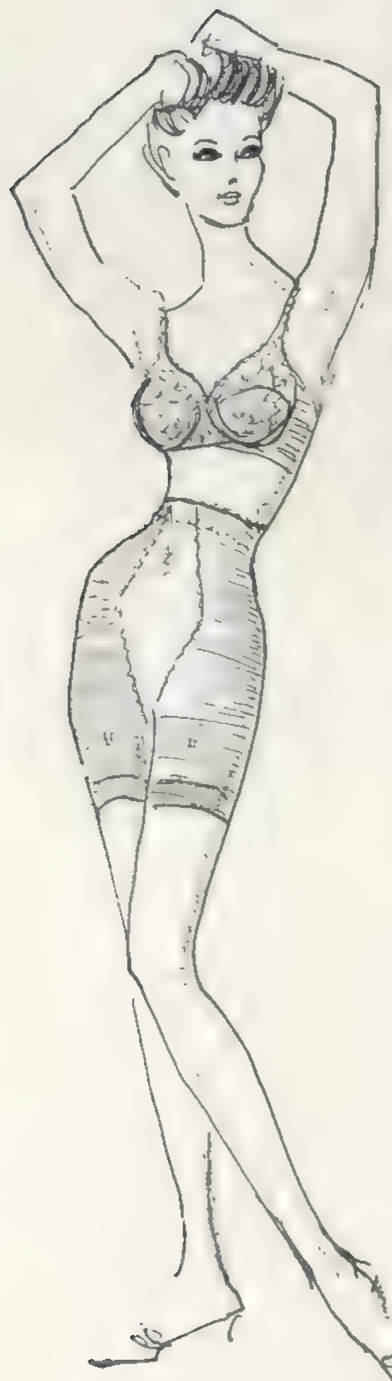
Enniskillen lies near the Republic of Ireland. There will always be tales of whisky being smuggled in coffins, and enough outsiders have written about the recent border polemics. Let an Irishman have the last word. We were in one of those villages where the border line stretches down the middle of the main street, and had gone to buy cigarettes (cheaper in the Republic). Inside a shop crammed with everything from hurricane lamps to cough sweets, we were about to pay for our order when it suddenly occurred to us to ask: "Is this the right side of the border?"

The man behind the counter smiled. "Well," he said slowly, "it depends what you mean by the right side."

More shapes smoothing the way for fashion



Above: Brassière that gives a high, rounded look, via half-pads under the bosom. By Hollywood Vassarette, in white nylon lace; $5. Altman's. White nylon lace and satin elastic panty girdle, by Nemo. $10. Saks 34th St.
Left: White nylon lace brassière with this strategy: a bit of wiring. Sides and low-dipped back of elastic. $6. Long-legged panty girdle, smoothing to hips, thighs, in white nylon power net; satin elastic front panel. $16.50. Both designed by Emilio Pucci for Formfit. At Stern's.
Below: Pleasantly shape-making brassière of white nylon lace, underbanded with elastic; by Maidenform. $3.50. White pull-on girdle in a new combination of rayon tricot and latex, flexible but firming. $11. By Magic Skin. Both, at Best & Co.





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Memoirs of a Niggling Young Man

BY MALCOLM BRADBURY

Now that all the American literary magazines contain articles called "Alienation Can Be Fun—or Hell" and "Rebellion and How to Do It," one feels terribly embarrassed about being well-adjusted.

Ever since I set foot in the United States, a charming and well set-up young man, with teeth like pearls, parasitic on the Rockefeller Foundation, people have been asking me: "Are you angry?" I suppose all English writers, however dilettante they may seem, are asked this nowadays; a modicum of anger is, under the present dispensation, the least one can provide in return for an invitation to dinner.

Yet no one could be less beatnik than I ("Don't you ever take off that tie?"); indeed I'm so well adjusted to my environment that you can only see me against a white background. The most I ever do is niggle a bit; it's *angst*, not anger, with me.

And as for the wave of anger that hit English letters a few years ago, it was just a phase, *amigos*, just a phase; you have to turn over a lot of stones before you can find an authentic angry young man in England now. Most English writers felt about anger the way they feel about Palermo or Mexico City; it's a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there.

Indeed, the atmosphere of literary malaise that passed like a fog across English letters a couple of years ago may be simply traced to a particular Sunday morning, when readers of an English Sunday newspaper called *The Observer*, a progressive intellectual weekly, opening an issue at first sight indistinguishable from any other, and full of the usual liberal plaints, scraps from Dr. Spock, and book reviews comparing everything with *The Catcher in the Rye*, perked up sharply in their provincial bedsitters, confronted with the news that the paper was to titivate the English stage by establishing a play writing competition. It was to be open, of course, to persons of all colours and, one suspected, the more colour and creed you had, the better for you.

No news since the announcement that Dr. Spock was letting them be angry with their children again, after all these years, caused greater stir among the liberal intelligentsia, of which I was one. For behind the contest there loomed large the figure of the drama critic of the paper, an apostle named Kenneth Tynan.

Mr. Tynan was known by all to stand for modern realism; so, too, did an organization called the Royal Court Theatre, which hovered mysteriously in the background of the project. A venture devoted to separating the men from the boys in the current English drama scene, this theatre, a modest establishment crouched away in London's Sloane Square, had the unusual distinction of having tempted, with *Look Back in Anger*, a whole new public into the English theatre. As is well-known, English theatregoers are traditionally respectable middle-class old ladies commuting in from Watford and Guildford in order to be shocked at the teatime matinee by plays which have as their second act curtain the line: "Mummy, I think I'm going to have a baby."

Faced with such titillation as this, their gasps can be heard, on a fine evening, right down Shaftesbury Avenue, and even in Better Books, a bookshop for the *cognoscenti* clear out on Charing Cross Road. While these impeccable matrons stamped out early in Mr. Osborne's play, crying, "I shouldn't let him talk to *me* like that," *Look Back in Anger* coined money by tempting indoors a new public, a motley crew of intellectual vagabonds and misfits who, when they were not standing in Russell Square watching for T. S. Eliot to come out of Faber & Faber, devoted their unending leisure to twanging guitars and nibbling the ears of girls in *espresso* bars.

Nowhere outside of the Co-Existence Bagel Shop had such a crew been gathered together in one place at one time before, and many an English reactionary was tempted with fancies about placing a bomb in the auditorium during a Saturday night performance, to cleanse the country of its rebels at one clean sweep.

Thus, when *The Observer* play contest was announced, many an attic-dweller perceived that the omens were propitious. People who had been angry for years but had told no one about it, not even their closest friends, came out into the open. All over England there were young men with ability but no achievement, upstarts produced by widening educational opportunities, who saw exactly what was wrong with the English stage, and the international situation, and virginity. There were two main groups; young men of working class background who were socially mobile upwards, and detested those at the top; and young men of upper class background who were socially mobile downwards, and also detested those at the top. There were some, like myself, who were socially mobile both upwards and downwards, at the same time. The result was confusion.

No one seemed to know which class they belonged to, or which religion, or even which sex. When they were not doing funny walks and pulling faces at themselves in mirrors, a classical form of protest delineated by Mr. Amis in *Lucky Jim*, they dedicated their lives to the proposition that, if The Establishment insists on employing the intellectual below his talents, it is better to sell sweets from a stall than to accede to the corruption of writing advertising copy.

Since J. Walter Thompson had so far betrayed little pique, and the only solid consequence was a sharpening up of competition in the candy-merchandizing world, they were beginning to feel really out in the cold. Pulling faces in mirrors was their only outlet; it showed that they were protesting, but they, and Mr. Amis, were the only people who knew they were.

The Observer contest was like a breath of fresh air; the time had come, the auguries were favourable, now they could talk. They found themselves not isolat-

(Continued on page 187)



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MEMOIRS OF A NIGGLING YOUNG MAN

(Continued from page 186)

ed figures but part of a whole nexus of anger that stretched from one end of England to the other. They leapt as one man to their portable typewriters and began to beat out their *oeuvres*, full of protest about security, respectability, and the follies of the middle class.

Alienation ran rife for weeks. Old ladies cowered behind lace curtains and took umbrellas with them when they went shopping, umbrellas being a traditional form of armament in our land. Persons who were too timid to order food in restaurants became ravening rebels, and affronted people by sitting in the picture window in their athletic shorts as they typed away their masterpieces. There were avant-gardists on every road and alley, hanging pictures of Rimbaud on lawn mowers by night and shunting their friends about the streets on pushcarts.

I well remember the scene in an *espresso* bar in Nottingham, a leading outpost of English culture, a day or two before the play contest was scheduled to close. I was sitting there, in low dudgeon, quaffing the rich black goo, itself a protest against English coffee. The management of the place, ever sensitive to what was what in the arts, had tempted a Caribbean steel band into regaling the *aficionados* with rhythms such as they had never been allowed to delight in before.

As with the hula hoop, which allowed English women to perform gestures with their hips that had been banned in England for two hundred years, dark places in the English soul were stirred as the West Indians stood out there, in a courtyard, their black faces shining, clad in thick trench coats to stave off the pouring rain. They had shared out among themselves the cut-up sections of an old galvanized garbage can and there they were, lackadaisically pulsing out their native rhythms and huddling together to keep warm. It's things like that that make you forget you're in England, just an old intellectual hobo who doesn't have a shilling to put in the gas meter.

Suddenly, as I cogitated, a group of buffoons entered—disciples of mine, actually. Frankly, my normal rôle is to act as a kind of Machiavelli of the English literary scene, and it's not often you

(Continued on page 188)

GOSSIPY MEMO

(Continued from page 160)

forty-five minutes from Squaw Valley on Donner Summit; Heavenly Valley, near the south end of the lake; and Mt. Rose, between the lake and Reno. Around the Nevada shore of Lake Tahoe, gambling is the 24-hour-a-day spectacle, the 365-day-a-year draw. On the south shore of the lake, with its acres of new motels, Harrah's Club will have Xavier Cugat and Abbe Lane during the Olympics, as well as the lake's most impressive spread of gambling tables; at both Harrah's and the Wagon Wheel (where hymns are piped into the rest rooms on Sunday mornings, and guests are transported to and from their motels in a private bus), the professional entertainers work on day and night shifts, and the spectators are competition. Across the lake on the north shore, where the jackpot bells sound comparatively pastoral, Cal-Neva Lodge and Nevada Lodge, among other places, have rooms and cottages, casinos, first-string entertainers, and Nevada's chips-down, easy-come opulence.

Inviting places to stay dot the relatively quiet California north shore of Lake Tahoe. At Tahoe Tavern, some rooms have views of the lake, clear, deep, and a year-round blue-green; the orchestra plays for dancing every night, as it has for generations of Californians. Homewood, on the least-developed part of the shore line, is another comfortable, attractive place, especially for children, who like their mountains to look as if the remnants of the Donner party just limped through. In Tahoe City, twenty minutes from Squaw Valley, Russell'n Pines, a two-story motel looking over the lake, and the Tahoe Inn have pleasant rooms. Note: the restaurant that goes with Conger's motel serves delicious breakfasts of paper-thin buckwheat cakes.





MEMOIRS OF A NIGGLING YOUNG MAN

(Continued from page 187)

catch me coming out into print like this, where people can read my stuff and criticize it. The particular crew that I am speaking of were in attendance at the local repertory theatre, a quite distinguished venture noted for its predilection for Anouilh; and there, by sticking out their bottoms at any low ebb in the farces they presented from time to time to make money, they passed as actors. All on this occasion bore sheaves of manuscript, marked with exotic pseudonyms like "Caligula" and "My Lady Greensleeves." They were all entries for the play contest.

I read two or three of them through, and a panorama of a uniquely futile and hopeless world was laid before me. All made *Waiting for Godot* seem, by comparison, like *When We Are Six*. One scene, in which three actors vomit simultaneously on stage, sticks in my mind as a challenge to the producer. I choked on my *espresso* and hurried out to the canal, upon which the leaves of winter still floated, like a symbol of something, and contemplated throwing myself in. Luckily my chilblains started up and I had to hurry back to my attic to scratch them; but it was a narrow escape.

I went over to my typewriter and gazed on my own little *oeuvre*, full of gripes about the middle classes, the Edwardian wilderness, and Mr. Macmillan's moustache. My parody of the Eton Boating Song (it was in the Suez scene, was called the Eden Voting Song, and began "We'll swing, swing together," a fair example of the genre we were all of us thinking in at the time) seemed pallid by comparison. It suddenly dawned on me that my capacity for dejection was extraordinarily limited, that I suffered from bouts of uncontrollable euphoria which sneaked through into my writing, and that when it came to alienation I was too far in to be far out. I was no more an English Negro than the Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was a blow, a real blow. I'd always thought of myself as an outsider; if you had anything going, I'd contract out of it. I even tried to contract out of my blood group. Indeed, I'd only just by inches missed writing that book called *The Outsider* that Colin Wilson wrote instead. The circumstances of that occasion simply have to be told, so why don't you get yourself something to eat and come back? It happened one night in a small, underventilated London arts club, where I could be seen from time to time, spouting amorous chatter to a lady bassoonist and tossing peanuts at the other *aficionados*. It was one of the customs of the establishment to tempt the brighter young literati into the premises for the evening, where they entertained such transients as myself with their off-the-cuff *obiter dicta*.

On this particular summer's night, when the air was fetid and even the corners of the Braque collages that adorned the walls curled in the heat, a splendid young writer named Mr. John Wain was regaling a cluster of bohemians with some comments on the so-called New Movement, with which his name had been associated. The situation was, simply, that everyone was trying to persuade Mr. Wain into being an angry young man, and he wasn't having any. In this vein, therefore, Mr. Wain, puffing on a pipe about the size and shape of a well-grown alligator, committed himself to the proposition that there was no New Movement.

Dejection spread rapidly through the audience. They knew very well that there was a movement and, if there wasn't, they were going to start one. If these writers refused to be alienated, they would alienate them. At least they might conform to the patterns of non-conformity; like those artists' supply stores in New York, which sell Basque berets so that all artists can look unusual in the same way, they demanded traditional eccentricities. Mr. Wain stepped back on the podium, his Dunhill a-quiver, and tried to sweet-talk the multitude into some semblance of order. Fortunately at this moment a small string quartet, purveying *musique concrète* with the aid of a pneumatic drill and a computing machine, burst into action in the next room, and the pullulating angries sallied forth to savour the experience.

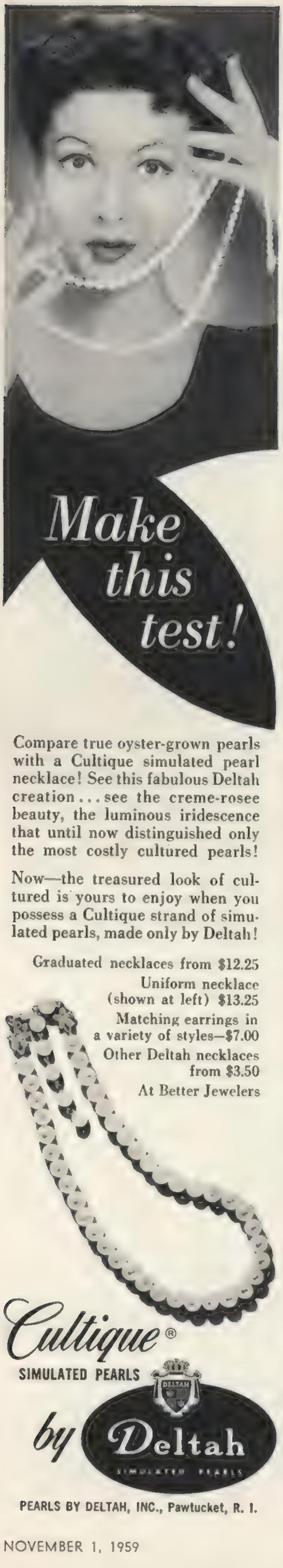
It so happened that I had been seated next to a fat strange lady, accompanied by a large bass fiddle, and she had been trying to inveigle me into membership of a group seeking to promote interest in Indian music and suttee. "Sign here," she uttered in forceful whispers, waving a fountain pen.

She followed me into the vestibule, where I was endeavouring to pick out my duffel coat from the hundreds, alike in texture and size, that hung from the pegs (to see us all emerging into the street in our hooded duffel coats was a great tourist sight, and many a frightened Londoner hurried home that evening convinced that he had witnessed a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan); and as we left she offered to take me home in her car, which proved to be the smallest Austin Seven, painted violet, with an umbrella stand, that I have ever seen. She had trouble in depositing into the rear seats the immense bass fiddle, and I was forward enough to suggest that she try to reverse the situation, and put the car into the fiddle. This pleasantry, she seemed to feel, entitled her to renew her offer of life membership in the Indian music group, for a paltry hundred guineas and the cost of the sari, or whatever, in which I would be expected to deck myself.

I told her that I didn't believe in joining groups or pushing causes, that life was pallid and futile, and that I was in protest. "My," she said admiringly, as she put her shoulder to the car in order to make it start, "You're a real outsider—you should write a book about it." I never did; but I remember her remark, and it doesn't need too much cogitation to guess to whom she spoke at the *next* meeting.

My point is that there are few of us who can produce such unimpeachable evidence to prove that we just missed being Colin Wilson. It was only when everyone started being angry that I backed out; but it wasn't really *me*, anyway. As for my entry to *The Observer* contest, second thoughts intervened between me and the muse, and the shekels at the final handout went to a Negro writer named Errol John. I suppose I'm just not the angry type.

In fact, I'm the new thing; it's called the Docile Young Men and there are just one of us. Equability is my keynote, and there's only one thing that makes me angry—that's when I see the angry young men are making more money than I am. If you know of a good psychoanalyst who specializes in generating maladjustment, you'll find me here waiting. I'll be the one in the tie.



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"THE BEST OF THE BEST"

(Continued from page 115)

mission. What about "Warner Brothers"? Do you own that, too? You probably have the right to use the name Warner, but what about Brothers? Professionally, we were brothers long before you were. We were touring the sticks as The Marx Brothers when Vitaphone was still a gleam in the inventor's eye, and even before us there had been other brothers—the Smith Brothers; the Brothers Karamazov; Dan Brothers, an outfielder with Detroit, and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" This was originally, "Brothers, Can You Spare a Dime?" but this was spreading a dime pretty thin, so they threw out one brother, gave all the money to the other brother and whittled it down to, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

Now, Jack, how about you? Do you maintain that yours is an original name? Well, it's not. It was used long before you were born. Offhand, I can think of two Jacks—there was Jack of "Jack and the Beanstalk" and Jack the Ripper, who cut quite a figure in his day.

As for you, Harry, you probably sign your checks, sure in the belief that you are the first Harry of all time and that all other Harrys are imposters. I can think of two Harrys that preceded you. There was Lighthorse Harry of Revolutionary fame and a Harry Appelbaum who lived on the corner of 93rd Street and Lexington Avenue. Unfortunately, Appelbaum wasn't too well known. The last I heard of him, he was selling neckties at Weber and Heilbroner.

Now about the Burbank studio. I believe this is what you brothers call your place. Old man Burbank is gone. Perhaps you remember him. He was a great man in a garden. His wife often said Luther had ten green thumbs. What a witty woman she must have been. Burbank was the wizard who crossed all those fruits and vegetables until he had the poor plants in such a confused and jittery condition that they could never decide whether to enter the dining room on the meat platter or the dessert dish.

This is pure conjecture, of course, but who knows—perhaps Burbank's survivors aren't too happy with the fact that a plant that grinds out pictures on a quota settled in their town, appropriated Burbank's name and uses it as a front for their films. It is even possible that the Burbank family is prouder of the potato produced by the old man than they are of the fact that from your studio emerged *Casablanca* or even *Gold Diggers of 1931*. This all seems to add up to a pretty bitter tirade, but I assure you it's not meant to. I love Warners. Some of my best friends are Warner Brothers. It is even possible that I am doing you an injustice and that you, yourselves, know nothing at all about this dog-in-the-Wanger attitude. It wouldn't surprise me at all to discover that the heads of your legal department are unaware of this absurd dispute, for I am acquainted with many of them and they are fine fellows with curly black hair, double-breasted suits and a love for their fellow man that out-Saroyans Saroyan.

I have a hunch that this attempt to prevent us from using the title is the brainchild of some ferret-faced shyster, serving a brief apprenticeship in your legal department. I know the type well—hot out of law school, hungry for success and too ambitious to follow the natural laws of promotion. This bar sinister probably needled your attorneys, most of whom are fine fellows with curly black hair, double-breasted suits, etc., in attempting to enjoin us. Well, he won't get away with it! We'll fight him to the highest court! No pasty-faced legal adventurer is going to cause bad blood between the Warners and the Marxes. We are all brothers under the skin and we'll remain friends till the last reel of *A Night in Casablanca* goes tumbling over the spool.

Sincerely,
Groucho Marx

Possibly the most valuable little book of its kind is *The Elements of Style* by William Strunk, Jr. who taught his students at Cornell to write by its light. Now, E. B. White, one of his students in English 8 in 1919, has newly edited the late Professor Strunk's privately printed handbook—spare, sensible, pointed—and Macmillan has had the brilliance to publish it. From the last chapter, added by Mr. White, this brisk and golden summing up:

Style takes its final shape

(Continued on page 190)





"THE BEST OF THE BEST"

(Continued from page 189)

more from attitudes of mind than from principles of composition, for as an elderly practitioner once remarked, "Writing is an act of faith, not a trick of grammar." This moral observation would have no place in a rulebook were it not that style *is* the writer, and therefore what a man is, rather than what he knows, will at last determine his style. If one is to write, one must believe—in the truth and worth of the scrawl, in the ability of the reader to receive and decode the message. No one can write decently who is distrustful of the reader's intelligence, or whose attitude is patronizing.

Many references have been made in this book to "the reader"—he has been much in the news. It is now necessary to warn the writer that his concern for the reader must be pure: he must sympathize with the reader's plight (most readers are in trouble about half the time) but never seek to know his wants. The whole duty of a writer is to please and satisfy himself, and the true writer always plays to an audience of one. Let him start sniffing the air, or glancing at the Trend Machine, and he is as good as dead, although he may make a nice living.

Full of his beliefs, sustained and elevated by the power of his purpose, armed with the rules of grammar, the writer is ready for exposure. At this point, he may well pattern himself on the fully exposed cow of Robert Louis Stevenson's rhyme. This friendly and commendable animal, you may recall, was "blown by all the winds that pass/ And wet with all the showers." And so must the young writer be. In our modern idiom, we would say that he must get wet all over. Mr. Stevenson, working in a plainer style, said it with felicity, and suddenly one cow, out of so many, received the gift of immortality. Like the steadfast writer, she is at home in the wind and the rain; and thanks to one moment of felicity, she will live on and on and on.

In 1951 when Maria Dermoût was sixty-three years old, her first book, a memory piece, *Yesterday*, appeared in Holland. Although her later novel, *The Ten Thousand Things*, partially condensed in Vogue, has already been published around the world, it took until this fall for *Yesterday*, translated by Hans Koningsberger, to be published by Simon and Schuster. This recollection of the way it was for a child to live on a sugar plantation in Java towards the end of the nineteenth century has a delicate vitality, like green tea. In this excerpt, the child, Rick, with her nurse, Urip, listens to the servant, Buyung, mourn the death of his beloved master, Uncle Fred.

On the front veranda of the guest pavilion, Buyung was sitting on his mat and singing the song of the dead. He sat with his knees drawn up and his arms around them, his head bent forward and sideways, his eyes closed, and while he sang he rocked back and forth. From deep down in his body a dull, dark sound arose, no melody, it went up and down on a few low notes, always the same.

It went up, and down again.

It swayed with his swaying body.

Loud, and then soft.

Rick was trembling in her bed; she was not afraid but she felt as if she had a pain somewhere which she couldn't bear. "Urip, Urip!"

Urip, leaning against her bed, held up her hand. "No," she said testily, "be still, listen, Buyung is talking with Mr. Fred."

Rick listened and after a while she thought that she understood what he said, that she could distinguish the words.

"Sir . . . sir," he said.

"Why did you go away—

"Sir—

"Why did you leave us—

"What have they done to you—?"

Always those same words.

But then the sound of the voice changed, became more emotional, faster, restless. Rick clasped her hands and whispered, "What is it, Urip?"

Urip shrugged. "Buyung must be looking for Mr. Fred."

"Uncle Fred, where are you?

"Buyung is looking for you,

(Continued on page 191)

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"THE BEST OF THE BEST"

(Continued from page 190)

can't you hear?

"Uncle Fred. Uncle Fred, where are you?

"Are you still in the sea? No, that couldn't be true.

"Near the sea? At sea perhaps, on a ship?

"Or are you still in Australia?

"Or are you here after all, here with us, with us?

"In the house or in the garden?

"In the guest pavilion? Buyung is waiting for you there. In your room?

"Or at the river with the boulders?

"Are you on the mountain, the Lawu? Near the crater? Near the lake? In the wood?

"Or at sea after all?"

It went so quickly, she didn't know anything could go so desperately fast as Buyung's voice, and she had to follow it.

"On the road to the town? At the river? On the big ferry? In the red ravine?

"At the Chinese tomb with the lions? In the little wood—the wood of that day, Uncle Fred?

"In the kanari driveway? Under the waringin tree, out in front?

"Or still in Australia? Australia?

"The sea? Which sea? One of the seven seas?

"Not with us after all?"

The voice echoed up and down, dull and desperate.

"Uncle Fred . . . Uncle Fred . . . where are you? Buyung is looking for you!"

And on and on went the voice, the whole night through.

Rick sat up in bed, trembling sometimes. Urip sat still on her mat.

It was warm that night, and dark outside. Nothing moved.

But finally, finally it seemed to cool off a little, the wind rose, there was the sound of water running in the ditches of the garden, and from somewhere came a bit of late moonlight.

Buyung still sat huddled, arms around his knees, but now he held his head up, farther back, and it was as if his voice didn't come from the depths of his body but from higher up, from his throat or his mouth.

He was still swaying, but not much, he sat almost still, his eyes wide open, staring into the moonlight—"Sir, sir, is that you, sir?"

The voice, soft, like a whisper, mounted, stopped, mounted, stopped.

Urip held up her hand. "Sshh."

The voice fell silent. . . .

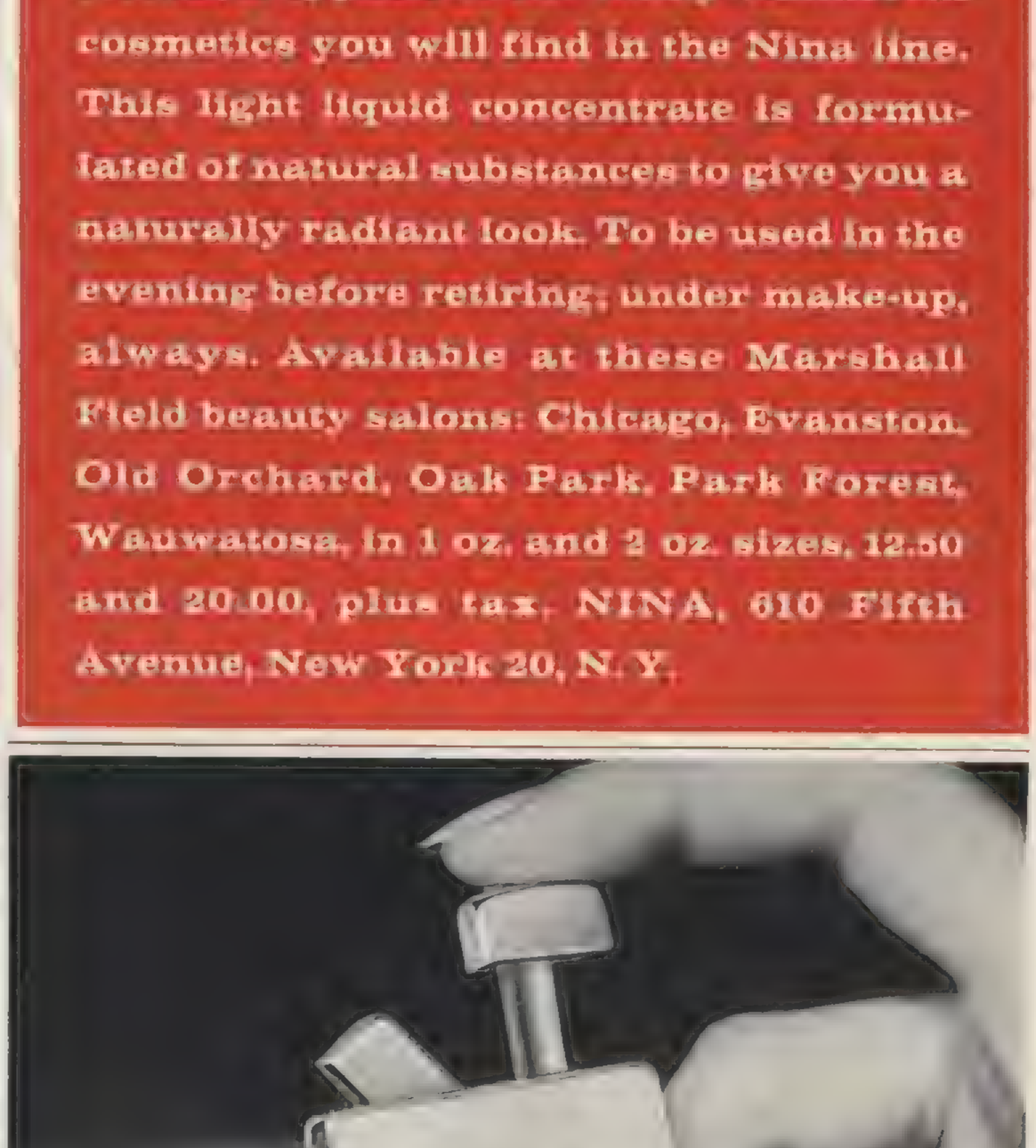
James Thurber in his biography of Harold Ross, the founding editor of *The New Yorker*, wrote of him: "Even in a dinner jacket he looked loosely informal, like a carelessly carried umbrella." In the twenty-some years of their association the Ross informality increased as Thurber's style tightened. In *The Years with Ross*, published by Atlantic—Little, Brown, Thurber ranges over their route with discerning love, amusement, and some bafflement. In this excerpt the reference to White and to Andy means only E. B. White.

Ross couldn't have described perfection, because his limited vocabulary got tangled up in his fluency ("I don't want you to think I'm not incoherent," he once rattled off to somebody in "21"), but he recognized it when he saw it. He handled White's invaluable contributions as if they were fine crystal, and once stuck this note in Andy's typewriter: "I am encouraged to go on." Surely no other editor has ever been lost and saved so often in the course of a working week. When his heart leaped up, it leaped a long way, because it started from so far down, and its commutings over the years from the depths to the heights made Ross a specialist in appreciation. In spite of preliminary ordeal, of which there was always plenty, it became a pleasure to write for a man whose praise was so warm and genuine when it came. Dozens of us cherish old memos from him, and letters, and the memory of phone calls, and it is surprising how quickly they come to mind. I often remember a single sentence he scribbled and sent to me about one of the drawings I had done, illustrating Leigh Hunt's "The Glove and the Lions." It read, "It's the goddamdest lion fight ever put on paper." . . .

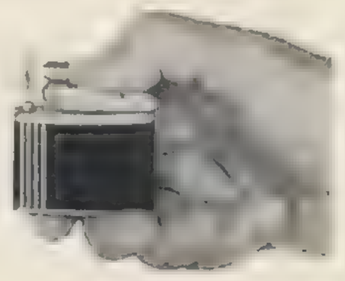
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Do face creams really work?

By Helen F. Porter

As a beauty consultant for more years than I care to admit, I've seen and tried almost every type of face cream imaginable . . . vitamin creams, hormone creams, medicated creams, queen bee jelly creams, and on and on. Some of these creams have two things in common: the catch-phrase ingredient which is played up through advertising, and a greasy ingredient which coats the outer surface of the skin to give the appearance of smoothness.



Helen F. Porter

If you are one of those fortunate women with a naturally radiant complexion and no skin problems, you probably don't need or use a face cream. If you're like me, with a tendency toward dry skin and its premature lines and wrinkles, you've probably found that almost any cream will do *some* good, but perhaps you've never been really satisfied.

Recently, I was asked to try a new face cream which, as usual, contained a unique ingredient. With tongue in cheek, I listened to the research director who developed this cream tell me about it. To my surprise, he backed his story up with scientific medical proof, not by wild advertising claims. And I was familiar with the cream's basic ingredients, having read about them in various articles praising their benefits to the skin. You probably have heard of them too. They are essential polyunsaturates, which are natural elements found in young, healthy skin.

Extensive laboratory research on the part of his clinical staff proved that normal, healthy 21-year-old skin is almost 50% richer in essential polyunsaturates than a woman's skin at age 40. As we grow older, these vital ingredients drain away, and our skin dries out, leaving lines, crow's feet and an aging look.

Another factor which can also contribute to our loss of these essential polyunsaturates has to do with our modern-day eating habits. The scientific gentleman explained that an excellent way to keep a good complexion is to eat fatty foods which are rich in essential polyunsaturates. He asked if I knew of any stout ladies who had extreme dry skin problems—I don't, do you? Unfortunately though, for our complexions, we try to watch our diets most of the time and tend to shy away from fatty foods. This is wonderful for our figures but can be bad for our complexions.

He went on to say that although scientists had known of the value of these essential polyunsaturates for many years, they had been unable to put them into cream form because they turned rancid. Finally, his research staff discovered how to "stabilize" them in a greaseless cream which actually supplies the essential polyunsaturates to the skin.

To make a long story short, I have been using this cream for over a month now and am wild about it.

My complexion looks fresher and brighter, my pores seem finer, and my skin is clearer, smoother and healthier looking than it has been in years.

On the theory that actual use is the best way to demonstrate a new product, I asked the makers of this cream to make a trial size available (Prince Matchabelli makes it; it's called Polyderm Compensating Cream and is sold in three sizes, $2.00, $3.50 and $5.00 at leading drug and department stores). They agreed, and now you can get a five-day trial-size jar by sending 25¢ and your name and address to Polyderm, % Prince Matchabelli, Dept. V-11, P.O. Box 19, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y.

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décolleté; the jacket, bowed low for flattery.
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Above: A soft-shirt look in a dress
of cranberry and black silk twill with
a notched-collar site for pearls,
a midriff-blandishing amount of blousing.
This, worn with a
touch-of-veiling hat, to carry off
a brisk morning of volunteer work
with afternoon options on
gallery browsing or shopping.
By Martha Manning of Maxwell fabric.
About $25; at Oppenheim Collins.

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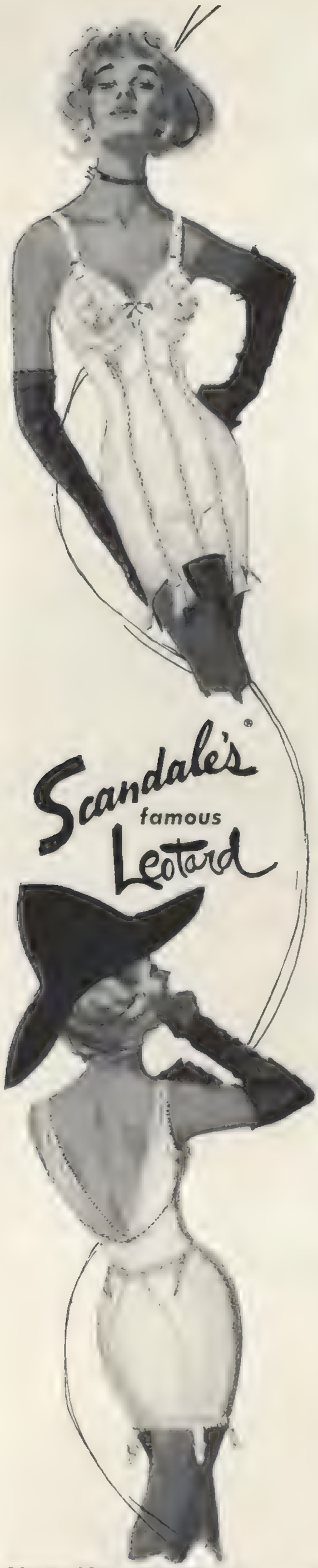
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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO WRITE FOR NOW

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your own cognac, 12 ounces, $2. With all of this, Altman's special blend of coffee, the kind they serve in their restaurants, Charleston Garden, 1-pound tin, $1. At Altman's, too, a dandy present for anybody who ever uses nutmeg: Ladle & Spoon whole nutmeg, with its own grater, $3.65 for the works. You might bring it with you New Year's morning.

A caviar fancier should be taken with the largest Iranian caviar eggs seen in some time, these from William Poll, 1051 Lexington Ave., New York 21. Each grain stands out like a plump grey pearl. A pound can be packed in four white porcelain jars, or dispatched in one solid 14-ounce caviar pound. Either way, it comes to about $42 plus postage. From the same shop, Greek Attiki honey from Hymettus flowers, the 5-pound can, $6.50 plus postage. A curry package to be favoured contains Madras curry powder, Twin Tree powdered ginger and powdered cinnamon, Bombay duck, chutney, saffron, and pappadums, $10 plus postage. Packed in tandem, a pepper mill and a jar of Twin Tree Malabar pepper, $4.75 plus postage. For the some who like it really hot, a mustard package combines nine heated varieties from various countries: Düsseldorf mustard in a crock; a milder Düsseldorf mustard in a tube; a jar of extra strong Dijon mustard, made with white wine; Dijon Poupon mustard, made with white wine, cinnamon, and cloves: hot Chinese dry mustard; English Savora; Swedish smörgåsbord mustard; Bahamian mustard; and the U.S. entry, Mister Mustard. $8 plus postage.

The cheese lore is good this year and to be looked into immediately for one's own holiday shelves as well as for the underside of a friend's Christmas tree. Cheese Unlimited, 1263 Lexington Ave., New York 28, pack their cheeses in white and silver boxes in such a way that they will keep for long periods. An interesting $10 assortment might be one pound each of Swiss Emmenthaler; Belgian Limburger; Vermont Sage; English Stilton; Holland Edam; Smoked Gruyère; Danish King Christian; German Beer Kaese; English Cheshire. Or, if there's a marked preference for any one of these, each can be had in poundage to order. Smoked cheeses have an affinity for eggs, shirred or poached. A nice smoky $3 assortment, called the "Nova Scotia Hickory Smoked Gift Package," could consist of Hickory Smoked Swiss, Hickory Smoked Cheddar with Pimiento, Hickory Smoked Gouda. An amusing selection of flavours comes in crocks: cheddar with garlic to melt on toast for garlic cheese bread; cheddar with onion for onion cheese bread; cheddar or blue cheese in brandy and port, to note but a few. A 6-ounce crock is 79c, a 20-ounce crock, $1.98, postage to be added to all prices from this shop.

Another organization which has gone all out to corral almost every known cheese in the world is Cheese of the Month Club, 235 Fulton St., New York 7. Through them you can put a friend in the way of receiving a surprise package of cheese (1½-2 lbs.) from a different nation each month—Irish Blarney cheese, rich, golden sharp; Iceland Banquet, sharp, nutty, semi-soft—to give away two of the surprises. There is a three-months' plan here for $9, six months for $16, a full year for $29.

Among the side issues of membership: both donor and recipient receive advance bulletins, 10% discount on all bulk cheeses and gift packages they may later want to buy from the parent company, Cheeses of All Nations.

New to this country, Fromage des Pyrénées, a sheep's milk cheese, mild and dry, is $2.50 the pound at Ellen Grey, 712 Madison Ave., New York 21. To send along with it from the same shop, perhaps a tin of Jacobs Golden Puffs, airy puff pastry biscuits, about a pound, $2. Another small-priced delight from Ellen Grey is F. Feyel's Gelée de Viande au Madère, a meat aspic flavoured with Madeira wine. It can be used for garnishes or to make moulded individual hors d'oeuvres—for instance, smoked trout in aspic, spread with horse-radish and whipped cream, 4 ounces, $1.35.

For a wholesome friend, Bloomingdale's, 59th St. and Lexington Ave., New York 22, have taken some members of the vegetable kingdom and endowed them with fascinating wraps. You might mix them and match them to what you feel would be the recipient's taste. Crosette Mixed Vegetables from Belgium are layered with an

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO WRITE FOR NOW

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eye to colour and texture in a glass jar. They could be put to work as a soup garnish, or hunked in mounds around a chicken roasted in a cocotte, or served cold with mayonnaise for a Russian salad. (For our part, we would line up several jars on an exposed kitchen shelf and leave them there forever—they are so marvellously attractive.) 20 ounces, 75c. Brillat Brand giant white asparagus stalks come in a glass jar to serve cold with a vinaigrette or steamed hot with hollandaise sauce. 1 pound, 13 ounces, $2.15. Crosette endives from Belgium to braise in bouillon and butter and present, for instance, with duck. 14 ounces, 45c. Lazeran Brand string beans, extra fine and from France, stand slender and straight as soldiers in their jar. (These would be nice placed on a bed of lettuce with paper-thin onion rounds, oil and vinegar.) 14½ ounces, $1. With them you might wrap up a can of Izhar olive oil "from the Holy Land," one pint, $1.

The Crosette Brand fruits at Bloomingdale's could be presented in a trio: French Cherries Bigarreaux in Maraschino Liqueur to serve in a ring mould cake; 1 pound, $1.80; grapes in brandy to serve hot for dessert, 1 pound, $2.50; greengages in brandy for a hot or cold compote, 1 pound, $2.45.

As the eventual destination of Christmas presents, to some there is no place like the home bar. What Fraser-Morris and Co., 872 Madison Ave., New York 21, has for it this year is a plastic peanut dispenser, equipped with the usual push button to release nuts or candy. One pre-filled with peanuts costs $2.95; with imported chocolate lentils or jelly beans, $3.95. To go with a bar, too, this shop is showing Pennsylvania Dutch pretzel assortments in variously shaped packages of which perhaps the best is the giant one: four pounds of pretzels, packed in a black tôle Pennsylvania Dutch-decorated wastebasket, the lid of which becomes a pretty tray. $5.95.

Soups that make talk and therefore good presents might come in an assortment like this from Fraser-Morris: Shark Fins Soup, along with the shark fins. Madeira wine, cognac, spices, and stock, $1.65; Australian Kangaroo Tail Soup, with wine, $2.15; Real Turtle Clear Broth, with wine, $2.15; Trepang Soup (trepang is an Australian sea cucumber, sent to China to be smoked), along with the trepang, veal, fish stock, Madeira wine, cognac, and spices, $2.65; Bird's-nest Soup, made with chicken stock, white wine, cognac, vegetable juices, spices, $2.60. All the tins are colourful, and hold 14½ ounces. Before taking leave of Fraser-Morris, one other thing to note in case there are any Irish eyes you want to keep smiling: Irish bacon, good and lean for breakfast and very nice to slip into a Quiche Lorraine. Minimum 2 pounds, $1.95 the pound. Everything from this shop plus postage.

An old Christmas stand-by has taken its stand at Soupçon, 203 East 61st St., New York 21; a white fruit cake, so fruit-and-nut-crammed that, sliced, it resembles a piece of stained glass. Boxed and done up with gold or red foil, 2-pound cake, $7.50, 4-pound, $15, plus postage.

Doing its proper aging right now up in the Bronx is some Old English Plum Pudding, fixed by its maker—who comes from Jamaica—according to a recipe she brought with her: currants, raisins, peeled prunes, and cherries marinated in Ruby Port, gently steamed in a crock, then permeated with old Jamaica rum. Decorated with almonds and cherries, and wrapped to withstand all mailing hazards, ¾-pound, $1.95; 2-pound, $3.50; 4-pound, $6.50; 6-pound, $9.50, all plus postage, from Lallie Menzies, 1256 College Avenue, Bronx 56, New York. In England, they serve plum pudding with sparklers inserted porcupine-style, and if you can get hold of any sparklers, you might emulate them.

Straying from tradition can also be fun, and a seafood fan, left rather dry with beef and birds, might be touched by the wherewithal for a midwinter clambake. To him Saltwater Farm, Damariscotta, Maine, will ship for $18.75 a barrel that holds 8 lobsters and 1 peck of clams, or 10 lobsters and a half peck of clams, or 12 lobsters and no clams. The Farm guarantees live delivery within 1,800 miles of Damariscotta on or before a date you specify. The seafood comes packed in chilled rockweed, no cleaning necessary, just punch a hole in the container, add salted water, and

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all is ready to eat before the half hour is up. (If the clambake's to be a present, Saltwater Farm will bill the donor for express charges along with the confirmation of order; otherwise, express charges collect.)

Into the fragrant stalls of the candy markets and straight to Perugina, 636 Lexington Ave., New York 22: some of their usual collection of wonderful sweets from Italy are hidden this year in majolica vases, also from Italy. One, in the shape of an urn with Grecian figures in blue, white, and gold, contains 14½ ounces of mixed chocolates, tied with gold cord and blue and shocking-pink ribbons, $16.95. A child involved with puppetry (or for that matter a child not involved with puppetry) would enjoy Pinocchio, sitting on a little wooden crate, as well as the half pound of hard candy in the crate. Pinocchio wears blue pants, a red coat, white collar and cuffs, a red hat. $9.95. Perugina prices, plus postage.

Blum's candy can be ordered from Lord & Taylor's New York and all branches. From them, "Strawberries in December," a real berry basket, which has a bottom layer of coated pink chocolates filled with strawberry cream, and a top layer of lifelike strawberries, these made of coconut. The 3-pound box, $3.95 plus postage. A rattan magazine rack, useful and practical, with rattan flowers and leaves woven into the centre, comes filled, with thin chocolate mints, chocolates, and mixed hard candies, 9 pounds altogether. $27.50, express charges collect.

Stuckey's in Eastman, Georgia, who do many things with pecans, much of it in the candy line, also sell them whole in the shells, for do-it-yourself nut eaters. A 5-pound burlap plantation bag of plump, papershell pecans has a good old-fashioned look. $3.75 (a 10-pound bag, $6.95). For $5.98 more, Stuckey's will send along with it a new, mechanical nutcracker, which clamps on a table or ledge and makes quick work of shelling any size pecan, promising to deliver 98% of them in whole halves. Postage free on everything here.



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